

THE ACADEMY.
April 10, 1909

OUR SWEET CONTEMPORARIES

THE ACADEMY



WITH WHICH ARE INCORPORATED LITERATURE AND THE ENGLISH REVIEW

Edited by LORD ALFRED BRUCE DOUGLAS

No. 1927

APRIL 10, 1909

PRICE THREEPENCE

ROYAL EXCHANGE ASSURANCE

(Incorporated A.D. 1720.)

Governor—SIR NEVILLE LUBBOCK, K.C.M.G.

FIRE, LIFE, SEA, ACCIDENTS,
BURGLARY, EMPLOYERS' LIABILITY

SPECIAL TERMS TO ANNUITANTS
—WHEN HEALTH IS IMPAIRED—

The Corporation will act as Executor of Wills, Trustee of Wills and Settlements.

Prospectus on application to the Secretary,

Head Office: ROYAL EXCHANGE, E.C. West End Branch: 44 PALL MALL, S.W.

"SCORPIO." By J. A. CHALONER

"He prides himself on the fact that he is a hard and terrible bitter. Indeed, he assures us that he has come to the conclusion that you can put a wicked man 'to sleep' with a sonnet in pretty much the same way that a prize-fighter puts his opponent to sleep with a finished blow. And not only does Mr. Chaloner believe in what we may term the sonnetorial fist, but he believes also in whips and scorpions, for the cover of his book is decorated with an angry-looking seven-thonged scourge, and he dubs the whole effort 'Scorpio.' So that when we look to the fair page itself we know what to expect. Nor are we disappointed. Mr. Chaloner goes to the opera. Being a good poet, he immediately writes a sonnet about it, the which, however, he calls 'The Devil's Horseshoe.' We reproduce it for the benefit of all whom it may concern:—

A second sight for a philosopher—
Rich as Golconda's mine in lessons rare—
That gem-bedizen'd "horse-shoe" at th' Opera,
Replete with costly hags and matrons fair!
His votaresses doth Mammon there array,
His Amazonian Phalanx dread to face!

Figuratively speaking, we (Palmetto Press) might add that Mr. Chaloner steps forward as the champion of Shakespeare's memory, and lands, with the force of a John L. Sullivan, upon the point of the jaw of Mr. G. B. SHAW, owing to the latter's impertinent comments upon Shakespeare.

(Delivered, post-paid on receipt of two dollars, by registered mail, to PALMETTO PRESS, Roanoke Rapids, North Carolina, U.S.A.)

To Mammon there do they their homage pay;
Spangl'd with jewels, satins, silks and lace,
Crones whose old bosoms in their corsets creak;
Beldames whose slightest glance would fright a horse;
Ghouls—when they speak one hears the grave-mole squeak—
Their escorts *parens* of feature coarse.
A rich array of Luxury and Vice!
But, spite of them, the music's very nice."

"Here you have whips, scorpions, and a knock-out blow with a vengeance. The sonnet as a whole is not one which we can approve from a technical or a sentimental point of view, but it has points. Henley might have plumed himself on that line about the creaking corsets, and the last line, a *four de force*, in its way reminds us of the withering ironies of Byron. It is only fair to Mr. Chaloner to add that not all his sonnets are concerned with back-biting. . . . Some of them show the tenderer emotions proper to a poet. We like him best, however, in his character as metrical bruiser. . . . His book is well worth possessing."—*The Academy*, August 8th, 1908.

THE LATEST FOUNTAIN PEN, 1909 MODEL

One of the leading manufacturers of Gold Fountain Pens challenges to demonstrate that their pens are the very best, and have the largest sale, that no better article can be produced.

They offer, as an advertisement, the half-guinea Diamond Star Fountain Pens, 1909 Model, for 2/6 each. 2/6

This Pen is fitted with 14-carat Solid Gold Nib, iridium pointed, making it practically everlasting, smooth, soft, and easy writing, and a pleasure to use. Twin Feed and Spiral to regulate the flow of ink, and all the latest improvements.



THE SELF-FILLING AND SELF-CLEANING PERFECTION FOUNTAIN PEN is a Marvel of Simplicity; it deserves to be popular.

It is non-leakable, fills itself in an instant, cleans itself in a moment—a press, a fill—and every part is guaranteed for two years. The Massive 14-carat Gold Nib is iridium pointed, and will last for years, and improves in use. Fine, Medium, Broad, or J points can be had.

This Marvellous Self-Filling Pen, worth 15/- is offered as an advertisement for 5/6 each. 5/6

It deserves to be popular, and is certain to be the Pen of the Future. Every Pen is guaranteed, and money will be returned if not fully satisfied. Any of our readers desiring a really genuine article cannot do better than write to the Makers, Messrs. MYNART & CO., Ltd., Dept. A, 71 High Holborn, London, W.C., and acquire this Bargain. (Agents wanted.)

SIX-SHILLING NOVELS

WITH GREAT CIRCULATIONS

Life of My Heart

By VICTORIA CROSS.

Six Chapters of a Man's Life.

By VICTORIA CROSS.

To Morrow?

By VICTORIA CROSS.

Paula.

By VICTORIA CROSS.

Esther Waters

By GEORGE MOORE.

The New Delilah?

By ELEANORE S. TERRY.

Concealment

By ANNE BEALE.

The Other Woman

By L. T. MEADE.

The Lord of the Dark Red Star

By EUGENE LEE-HAMILTON.

A Garden of Spinsters

By ANNIE E. HOLDSWORTH.

Many Waters:

An Artist's Love Story

By ARTHUR TOMSON.

Manasseh.

By JÓKAI.

The Baron's Sons

By JÓKAI.

REMARKABLE NEW BOOKS

Modern Capitalism

By J. A. HOBSON, M.A.

6/-

"We know of no book of this class which brings so much valuable information into so small a compass."—*Irish Times*.

The Evolution of Matter

By G. LE BON.

5/-

"A very remarkable book, by a remarkable man, on a remarkable subject."—*Newcastle Journal*.

The Psychology of Alcoholism

By G. B. CUTTEN, M.A.

5/-

"A valuable contribution to our knowledge of a subject of vital importance."—*Aberdeen Free Press*.

Foundations of Political Economy

By W. B. ROBERTSON, M.A.

5/-

"A work upon which a great deal of acuteness has been expended."—*Athenæum*.

Science and Hypothesis

By H. POINCARÉ.

3/6

"It cannot fail to make anyone who can read it at all think, and think hard along new lines."—*Engineer*.

Christ and Criticism

By J. GAMBLE, M.A.

3/6

"An able, a courageous, and a deeply-interesting book."—*Oxford Chronicle*.

OF ALL BOOKSELLERS, OR OF THE PUBLISHERS (POST FREE),

THE WALTER SCOTT PUBLISHING CO., Ltd.

LONDON (PATERNOSTER SQUARE) and FELLING-ON-TYNE

CONTENTS

Page.	Page.
Life and Letters . . . 963	Shorter Reviews . . . 971
The Poet . . . 965	A Cornish Bay . . . 973
Our Sweet Contemporaries . . . 965	Ronsard's "Mary Queen of Scots" . . . 974
The Socialist in Oxford. 967	Milton and Dr. Johnson. 975
The Ardhamont Mystery Solved . . . 968	Correspondence . . . 976
The Attic Music Hall . 969	Books Received . . . 978
A Group of Philosophers 970	Spring Announcements . 979

Registered as a Newspaper in the United Kingdom, and at the New York Post Office as Second-Class Mail Matter. Transmissible to Canada at the Canadian Magazine rate of postage. Subscriptions: Inland 15s.; Foreign 17s. 6d. a year, post free.

All communications intended for the Editor should be sent to The Wiltford Press, Ltd., 63 Lincoln's Inn Fields, W.C.

The Publishing Offices of THE ACADEMY are at 63 Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C., to which address all business letters should be sent.

The Editor cannot undertake to return unsolicited Manuscripts which are not accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope. The receipt of a proof does not imply acceptance of an article.

LIFE AND LETTERS

It seems that the fashionable thing to say about FitzGerald is that "he taught us how to live." The *Daily Mail* has said it, and with the help of a Mr. Edward Thomas, the *Saturday Review* has managed to say it; so that "poor old Fitz" has achieved true fame at last. For clearly to have taught the *Daily Mail* and the *Saturday Review* how to live is a feat of no particularly mean order. Of course, the facts with regard to FitzGerald the man are dead against any supposition that he was acquainted with the art of life. To all intents he made a mess of the whole business, as poets will; and if he had been "dependent upon his own exertions for a living" heaven alone knows where he would have ended. And apart from practical questions of livelihood, FitzGerald displayed qualities, which, though they may be imitated by the *Daily Mail* and the *Saturday Review*, are not commonly considered admirable. We suppose that at the time of a man's centenary nothing but good should be remembered about him. On the other hand, we have it on the authority of Shakespeare (who knew nothing about centenarians or the delightful opportunities they offer to the advertising mediocrity) that men's evil deeds live after them. There was an indiscretion of FitzGerald's which we think removes him very far from the possibility of consideration as a model practitioner in the business of life. We refer to the pious ejaculation which he uttered when he was informed of the death of Mrs. Browning. As a contribution to the centenary proceedings a correspondent sends us the following lines:—

EDWARD FITZGERALD.

One who emblazoning a dead man's name,
Cut his own niche of everlasting fame,
On a dead woman used his new-found skill,
Soiled it, with infamy adhering still.
How judge this Janus-head? His sin? His power?
God holds the balance, and we wait His hour.

Which shows that there are people in the world who do not forget. However, from the point of view of reason and common sense, it is obvious that FitzGerald's importance to us lies in the fact that he wrote a poem. And it is obvious also that the man who attempted to conduct his life either in the same way

that FitzGerald conducted his life, or in the beautiful manner suggested by FitzGerald's poem would be a good deal of a fool. Even Mr. Shorter could not do it and show a profit.

From the *Englishwoman* for April we take the following glad tidings:

Our friends have helped us generously. Some assist by selling the *Englishwoman* at public meetings, others by enlisting subscribers. The sale shows signs of increasing—but it can only increase satisfactorily if the efforts of those whom we have pleased and who care to assist us are continued. We may be pardoned if we repeat that we are anxious to send as many prospectuses as may be desired to any address.

There is writing for you! It sounds like a passage from a parish magazine, and one expects to be told that "the blanket fund is making favourable progress" and that, "thanks to the energy and generosity of Mrs. Brown and the Misses Smith, our grand annual jumble sale proved an immense success—the sum of fourteen and sixpence being realised in hard cash, which sum has been placed to the credit of the pea-soup fund." Suffragitis is coming to something, even for Suffragitis. But the *Englishwoman* is not an organ of the charities. On the contrary, it is a political organ and a literary organ. Its politics are very serious. We are informed, for example, that "last month the Report of the Truck Committee was considered with a view of explaining one of the social and industrial subjects that were ready for legislation. This month the Committee on Home Work is taken up with a similar object." Obviously, nothing could be more entertaining, particularly as no mention is made of Mrs. Pankhurst. And as for the literature:

The Poet was sitting in his garden at the close of a warm autumn day; the sun's last rays gilded the chapel spire hard by. He had been reading a little gaily-decorated volume, vellum-bound and silver-clasped; but it now lay beside him upon a stone sundial, and he was gazing at the wonderful sunset beyond the dark towers and gables of the city. The river to his left shone like the burnished gold that blazoned his book, and birds were singing amidst the mellow russet leafage of the trees.

We have heard of persons who possess castles in Spain; but "a garden at the close of day" rather takes the breath, even when a poet is concerned. Besides which, what was the *Englishwoman's* poet (he happens to be Chaucer) doing with a "river to his left"? What was Chaucer's "left" anyway? And does the *Englishwoman* wish to suggest to us that the Morning Star of Song was a member of the Territorials? Besides which, why, when "a little gaily-decorated volume, vellum-bound and silver-clasped," is mentioned—why, we ask, is the usual formula "(Grant Richards)" carefully omitted? However, we must not interrogate the *Englishwoman* too closely, particularly as a shining contribution called "A Glimpse of Turkish Women" begins:

My knowledge of Turkish women is small.

We note with some alarm that Messrs. Odhams have once more taken to apologising. This time they "desire to tender their apology to the public and the trade on account of the physical impossibility to keep pace with the demand" for "Bottomley's Book," the which extraordinary production they proceed to describe as "an ideal volume for the Easter Holidays"! From a page of Press opinions as to this book, we gather that it is "a remarkable book" and that "everybody will read it"; the *Pall Mall Gazette* calls it "entertaining," and the *Sporting Life* says that

it "thrills and fascinates"; while Mr. Bottomley's friend and late contributor, Frank Harris, remarks "As an instance of sheer power of work this book stands almost alone." We like the judicious "almost," and we observe that the opinion of Messrs. Odhams's paper, the *Guardian*, is not quoted.

Meanwhile it is to be remarked that "Bottomley's Book" contains certain statements and suggestions with respect to the "secret history" of Bottomley's recent prosecution at the Guildhall. Bottomley asserts roundly that this prosecution was set afoot because the Government desired to "silence" the great Horatio, who, it seems, had been "exposing" the Government's broken pledges in Parliament. And right opposite the reprint of these charges Mr. Bottomley reproduces the cartoon which was held to amount to a contempt of court during the time of his trial and which represents the figure of Justice bespattered with mud and carrying mud in her scales. In view of what has happened, the reiteration of the aforesaid statements and suggestions and the reprinting of the aforesaid cartoon make it clear that Mr. Bottomley wishes the people of England to understand that English justice is an affair of politics, and that his acquittal by an Alderman at the Guildhall proves this. We say that it proves nothing of the kind. We say, further, that Mr. Bottomley's own actions since the trial leave the authorities no alternative but to take steps to have the whole matter thrashed out. We shall give our reasons at length next week.

It seems that we are to have a new religion, the high priests of which will be the impious Mr. Aleister Crowley and the anarchistic Mr. Frank Harris. Mr. Crowley appears to be the founder of the movement. But, no doubt out of compliment to Mr. Harris, Mr. Crowley has called the concern "The A. A.," which is understood to mean the 'Appy 'Arrises. And the 'Appy 'Arrises—we trust that our surmise as to the meaning of the A. A. is the correct one—have just published the first number of a new magazine called *The Equinox*, which is devoted to an explanation of the 'Appy 'Arrises' religious tenets. So far as we can gather, the religion of Messrs. Crowley and Harris is a most curious affair. The neophyte is invited to hop round on one leg and breathe through one nostril for an hour at a stretch, and apparently this has to be done in a state of nudity. Playing-cards also figure in Mr. Crowley's ritual. In the current issue of Mr. Frank Harris's *Vanity Fair* we are assured that *The Equinox* contains some "excellent mystical poetry" by Mr. Crowley, together with a capital short story (by Mr. Frank Harris) which "is alone worth the five shillings asked for the volume." Clearly, the other new religion-mongers must look to their laurels.

The "black-out" article published in the March number of the *English Review* has served to create a considerable pother, thus fulfilling the high hopes of its author and of the editor of the *English Review*. We understand that the *Spectator* was so moved at the sight of this article that it proceeded straightway to fill in one of Mr. Belloc's blanks by a species of indirect innuendo. Mr. Belloc, of course, fell into shrieks of rage and called the *Spectator* "liar," and "summoned" the *Spectator* to print his noisy disclaimer. And to put matters straight and keep the ball of advertisement merrily rolling the *English Review*, through its solicitors, made a further statement in the *Spectator* of last week. Mr. Belloc is really in no position to shout. Before the *Spectator* said a word on the subject we offered to print in these columns any

true statements which the editor of the *English Review* had caused to be blacked out of Mr. Belloc's article. Mr. Belloc professes that he is most anxious to have his article printed without the suppression of names, and the editor of the *English Review* protests that he suppressed names only out of fear of the legal consequences. Our offer to oblige Mr. Belloc and to relieve the editor of the *English Review* of his fearful and wonderful risks would, one imagines, have been welcomed by an author and an editor who are not looking for advertisement, but are solicitous only for the public interest. Yet neither Mr. Belloc nor Mr. Hueffer has the pluck to bring on his true statements. In these circumstances, we are justified in assuming that Mr. Belloc's article is more or less of a fancy article, and that if it contained names when it was submitted to the editor of the *English Review* Mr. Belloc had associated with those names charges which he is not in a position to substantiate and which have consequently had to be dropped because, as a matter of fact, they are not the truth, but libels. The solicitors of the *English Review* commit themselves to the extraordinary statement that "the law of libel, while satisfactory in its working as regards private persons, makes it difficult and dangerous to refer in the Press to the public shortcomings of public men," which, of course, is the direct opposite of the facts. It has never been in the slightest degree dangerous for the Press to refer to the public shortcomings of public men, and, for that matter, it has never been in the slightest degree dangerous for the Press to refer to the public shortcomings of private men. To take an instance in point, we will suppose that quite lately some leader-writer or other has said of Mr. Asquith that his conduct in the matter of failing to supply *Dreadnoughts* proves him to be a traitor to his country. Here, obviously, your leader-writer travels right out of the region of fair comment, and it would be open to Mr. Asquith to take an action for libel. Mr. Asquith would take no such action, for the very simple reason that he is a public man and that the very severest, most truculent, most unfair and most malicious criticism of his public actions would not be considered libel of a sufficiently serious nature to justify an award of more than nominal damages. If the late Mr. Gladstone or the present Mr. Balfour or Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George had instituted proceedings for libel on every occasion upon which they had been technically libelled their lives would have been one continual course of litigation and farthing damage getting. And as regards the private action of public men, if any man knows that Mr. Asquith or Mr. Lloyd George or Mr. Winston Churchill or Mr. John Burns has at any time accepted bribes or other nefarious consideration as an inducement to perform such and such a public act he need never be afraid of saying so in print and in the largest possible type. Mr. Belloc ought to know this as well as we know it, and so did Mr. Hueffer.

The truth is not libel, and sometimes even the falsehood is not libel. The only real libel and the only dangerous libel is the malicious falsehood. Mr. Lloyd George has recently taken damages from a newspaper for libel. The common impression appears to be that Mr. Lloyd George obtained those damages because he was Chancellor of the Exchequer, and that, consequently, it is dangerous to libel a Cabinet Minister. In point of fact, Mr. Lloyd George got his damages because he swore that the libel was untrue, and because the other side admitted that it was untrue, and that, consequently, it ought never to have been printed. The law would have worked out in precisely the same way for any private person possessed of an English domicile. Of course, a Chancellor of the Exchequer,

because of his position, might secure heavier damages than the private citizen. On the other hand, we are acquainted with private citizens who, if they were to be libelled in the manner in which Mr. Lloyd George was libelled, would get a good deal heavier damages. Clearly, a Chancellor of the Exchequer can afford to let you down fairly gently over such matters.

Mr. Hueffer's mistake is either a wilful mistake indulged for the sake of effect; or it is the mistake of ignorance. Both himself and his lawyers may take it from us that nothing in the world is safer than to refer in the Press to the "public shortcomings of public men." The public shortcomings of public men are really the daily bread of half the newspapers in the Kingdom. Whether it be in the *Times* or the *Skibbereen Eagle* your public man's public shortcomings are always fair and safe game, and the laws of libel and the judicial interpretation of the laws of libel are not likely to be revolutionised for the mere sake of providing the editor of the *English Review* with an opportunity of whining over his helpless position. Our offer to Messrs. Belloc and Hueffer still remains open. We will fill up their blanks for them in these columns, provided they will give us the names and the proofs. And if they have no proofs, and particularly if they have no names, let them, in the interests of common decency, cease from girding at the terrible hardships imposed on them by the law of libel.

From the Rev. Father Tabb we have received the appended verse:

JOAN OF ARC, 1431-1909.
Where once above the fagots leaped a flame
To blast thy world-renown,
Another kindles blazoning thy name
Upon a martyr's crown.

Admirers of Father Tabb's poetry will learn with regret that he is now almost entirely blind and is compelled, as he puts it, to write by faith instead of by sight.

Mr. Shorter evidently regrets his recent talk about "pricking the bubble of Palgrave's 'Golden Treasury,'" though he does not appear to have grace enough to say so in terms. Mr. Shorter's way of crying "peccavi" is singular. For weeks he keeps his mouth tight shut. Then all of a sudden you find him indulging in a pæan about "the Macmillans" and their "excellent" "Golden Treasury" Series. And this at the top of his far-famed "Literary Letter" in the *Sphere*. The *amende honorable* is thus accorded to Messrs. Macmillan. And, so far as Poetry is concerned, Mr. Shorter would excuse himself for his impudent remark by explaining, rather feebly and tearfully, that when he proposed to "prick the bubble of Palgrave's 'Golden Treasury,'" he did not propose to prick the bubble of Palgrave's "Golden Treasury," but to prick the complacency of "the people who read Palgrave's 'Golden Treasury.'" Clearly, therefore, Mr. Shorter is either capable, on occasion, of writing what he does not mean or he is capable of being fairly tricky on his feet when you bring him to book. And, by way of revenge on THE ACADEMY for pointing out his gross literary lapse, he calls upon the editor of a paper which is not even remotely involved in the argument to publish a cartoon of the Editor of THE ACADEMY "surrounded by solicitors." Mr. Shorter imagines that hereby he is most cutting, and that at length he has got in a rapier-thrust worthy even of his friend, Mr. W. L. Courtney. Poor, dear Clement—what a little fire-eater it is! Let it tell us something about the sonnet in the next column.

THE POET

They gave him scorn and hate and the fierce rod
Of bitter words, they strangled him with lies,
But from his lips there came no meaner cries
Than these that were the very songs of God.
They made his years a Hell-scorch'd period,
And he but smiled and cast his conquering eyes
Along the level lawns of Paradise
Where late the luminous feet of angels trod.

There the ripe fruits are stars upon the trees,
And in the air that is like yellow wine
Ever the birds of rapture soar and sing
Their silver songs in magical sweet keys,
And round about him in a golden line
The shining seraphim stand wing to wing.

A. D.

OUR SWEET CONTEMPORARIES

It is a stock saying among lawyers that the fear of publicity prevents many prosecutions; in other words, that persons who have been unjustly or improperly treated refrain from availing themselves of the protection of the law because they shrink from the publicity of the courts. Up to a point, this is no doubt true. A woman snatches your watch in Leicester Square at any time after sundown. You require a certain courage to prosecute. There are a thousand considerations to be weighed, and, on the whole, knowing what you do know of "publicity," your courage fails you. Why should this be? Honest publicity hurts no honest person, and, of course, this is exactly where the rub comes in. For in the present condition of journalism a fair, square and honest publicity appears to be entirely unknown. At the present moment the enlightened newspaper Press of this country are counting out their hapence after making what they consider to be an entirely beautiful scoop out of the name of the Editor of this paper. The *Daily Mail* must have made a fortune over the affair; and so must that high and impartial organ, the *Pall Mall Gazette*. And the others have followed suit with a fidelity which does credit to their imitative faculties. Meanwhile, and generally and in the public interest we shall take leave to look a little closely into the report or "story" with which the united newspaper Press of this country backed up its sensational contents' bills. At Bow Street, on Tuesday afternoon last, a turf commission agent, trading in the name of Charles Read, and possessing offices in the Haymarket, was charged with committing an assault upon Lord Alfred Douglas, and was ordered by the magistrate to find a surety in £20 for his good behaviour for six months, or, in default, to undergo a month's imprisonment. The circumstances, as explained on oath in the court, were that Charles Read owed Lord Alfred Douglas £110, which he had failed to pay, though three "settling days" had passed since the money became due; that he had called upon Lord Alfred Douglas at the office of this paper and done his best to pay what was due in blows instead of in money. The prisoner's "defence," which was delivered from the dock, and

not from the witness-box, and, consequently, not on oath, was that Lord Alfred had kept him waiting for a sum of £25, and that he had been slung down and thrown all over THE ACADEMY offices. It was explained, however, that the £25 had been paid before the present transaction was entered into, and that, so far from being slung down and thrown all over the office, the prisoner had merely been restrained; and this he admitted. Consequently, the magistrate made the order to which we have referred. These are the facts. Here is what purports to be a report of the proceedings:

FIGHT IN AN OFFICE.

A turf accountant named Charles Read, of the Haymarket, was accused at Bow Street yesterday of assaulting Lord Alfred Bruce Douglas, a son of the eighth Marquis of Queensberry and editor of the ACADEMY, and was ordered to find a surety in £20 for his good behaviour.

Lord Alfred Douglas said Read owed him £110 in connection with bets, and he sent his solicitor to see him about the matter.

"Read came to my office in Lincoln's Inn and was admitted to my room," he stated. "He immediately threw off his coat and hat and struck at me. One of the clerks came in and helped me to restrain him until a policeman arrived."

"He owed me £25 for six months," Read retorted. "I sent the account for thirteen weeks to White's Club, where he always went for his cheque when he won. When he lost he never went there for the closing account."

This "report" is culled from the *Daily Express*, one of the newspapers owned, or partly owned, by Mr. Cyril Arthur Pearson. Is it a fair and reasonable report? To begin with the title, was there a fight in THE ACADEMY office? Read himself admitted that nobody struck him. Mr. Read is a small and protuberant little man. Nobody would think of hitting him. He came to THE ACADEMY office in a condition bordering on hysteria, and he kicked and scratched and flung himself about like a naughty schoolboy. If fighting had been indicated, there was an eleven-stone publishing clerk about, who happens to be a member of the Naval Reserve, and there was a sixteen-stone assistant editor who could easily have made up in zeal for what he may lack in skill. There was also the Editor himself, who is a head taller than Mr. Read, and in no way short of either wind or reach. So that when Mr. C. Arthur Pearson's hapenny organ says "Fight in an office" it is obviously talking through its hat. As to the report itself, there is no harm whatever in being a son of the eighth Marquess of Queensberry; but the fact was not mentioned at Bow Street. Secondly, Mr. Pearson's organ carefully omits to mention that Read was to undergo a month's imprisonment if he failed to find his surety. And, thirdly, the absolute fairness and impartiality of Mr. C. Arthur Pearson's organ is indicated by the final paragraph of this so-called report, wherein Read is made to say that Lord Alfred Douglas owed him £25 for six months, and the readers of Mr. Pearson's organ are left to assume that the money had not been paid; and that, consequently, it is still owing, and that, therefore, Read had some show of reason for withholding the £110 which he still owes to Lord Alfred Douglas. The *Daily Express* is not singular in its gross misrepresentation of the position. The *Daily Mirror*, which is owned, or partly owned, by a recent recruit to the peerage, who, consequently, should have known better, is equally careful to suppress the facts which do not please him. And the *Daily Mail*, owned, or partly owned, in the same quarter, goes out of its way to report ex-parte state-

ments which Read, in his rage, appears to have shrieked out in the corridor of the court, and not in the court itself at all. While the *Star*, that well-known advocate of justice for the masses, reports the whole proceedings under the title of "An Editor's Bet," instead of under the perfectly just and proper title of "A Bookmaker's Pangs at Parting." We believe that Mr. Parkes, who edits the *Star*, is an authority on horses, having once owned a mare who died in a field—she was an agricultural mare and not an immoral, spotted racehorse—and it is, therefore, that we are astonished at his wonderful confusion of ideas.

We now come to what is, perhaps, an even graver question. Where did our inspired and beautiful contemporaries obtain their "reports"? At the moment when the naughty Mr. Read found himself in the dock at Bow Street the magistrate was on the point of rising and the reporters had left the court. There was not a soul about the place except the magistrate and the magistrate's clerk, Lord Alfred Douglas and his witnesses, the prisoner and the police. It is obvious that Mr. Marsham, the magistrate, did not "report" the case, otherwise it would not have been unfairly reported; it is obvious that the prisoner did not report the case, otherwise it would not have been reported; and it is obvious that the prosecutor did not report the case, because, when all is said, the editor of a threepenny journal could scarcely stoop to the supply of news from the police courts to the editors of haporths, however brilliantly owned. And as for the police, it is certain that they did not report the case, because they do not possess the necessary literary endowments and graces, let alone that rolling eye for the sensational which is so requisite in the police court reporter. The magistrate's clerk is the only person left. He, of course, is precluded by his office from supplying information to the papers. So that right in our midst, and when we were not expecting it, a miracle has happened. How do these things get into the papers? It is the miracle! On the other hand, there is nothing miraculous in the *suppressio veri* and *suggestio falsi* of our dulcet, honey-tongued, timbrel-throated and sore-backed contemporaries. Their conduct has been merely, clearly, patiently, obviously and unmistakably human. The blue-faced ape of Horus sits and gibbers at the stick which has been laid about his unholy sides. Mr. Read, of the Haymarket, who in the main is a genial chap, but whose angry passions get the better of him the moment that he finds himself compelled to write a cheque, has given the blue-faced ape his chance, and the blue-faced ape has taken it. He is welcome, and we, who are not the editor of THE ACADEMY, wish him joy of himself. And we shall note, we hope, by way of conclusion, that the sporting papers almost to a sporting paper have neglected to report the proceedings. We construe this abstention as an indication either of a love of fair play or a keen affection for the advertisements of Mr. Charles Read. As for Mr. Read himself, we would remind him, in the words of a famous author whose name he would appear to have appropriated, that, come what may in the way of bindings over to keep the peace, "it's never too late to mend." And on the general question of "reports" we think that in the circumstances it is the duty of some responsible journal to justify itself by acquainting the polite world with the nature of its sources of information, and the reasons which have induced it to garble its notice of this affair. We do not deny the interest which attaches to it, but we utterly deny the right of any newspaper to misrepresent what takes place in any of the King's courts, no matter if it be only Bow Street, for the mere purpose of making sales, or for the still less creditable purpose of getting back "a little bit of its own."

THE SOCIALIST IN OXFORD

THE Report of the Select Committee, issued late last Autumn, under the title "Oxford and Working Class Education," has, perhaps, scarcely met with the attention it deserves. Of its intrinsic merits and demerits, of the effect which its adoption would necessarily have upon University life, sufficient was said at the time. The January *Blackwood* contained an admirable summary and a no less wholesome criticism of the Report; and, on the whole, the newspapers dealt with the subject in a manner as detailed as could reasonably be expected. Of the scheme embodied in the Report, the last word, one would fancy, is contained in an article in the current *Oxford and Cambridge Review*, an article obviously written from the standpoint of the intelligent undergraduate. Briefly summarised, as everyone knows, the Report held that the advantages of an Oxford training should not be confined to the "upper" and "middle" classes: that it was essential for the wellbeing of the State that artisans should be enabled to share in the privileges, social as well as intellectual, of Oxford life; and that in practice no such difficulties would be raised as to put the scheme out of the range of possibility. As has been suggested, the scheme in itself has met with some very trenchant criticism. On this head no more could be desired. But, unfortunately, the full significance of the Report has not been realised, because all writers have treated it as an isolated piece of wrong-headed sentiment. As a matter of fact, such a view is quite untenable. Those who watch the life of Oxford are beginning to realise that the efforts of such men as Canon Barnett and Mr. W. Temple form only one side of a conspiracy which is actually, if not nominally, Socialistic. The growing activity of the Socialist party in Oxford goes along two lines; there is, on the one hand, this very open attempt to upset all the traditions of the place, and on the other a much more dangerous, because much more subtle, effort to capture Oxford from within. Of the open enemies perhaps enough has been said. They are, for the most part, amiable Dons, whose hearts are, possibly, stronger than their heads. The Report, "Oxford and Working Class Education," shows so remarkable an absence of any understanding of a sympathy with Oxford's aims that it may almost be said to have defeated itself.

The other movement, however, is of infinitely greater importance, and is still going on unchecked. There is, as every Oxford man knows, a certain body of opinion, comparatively small, yet not without influence, which is definitely Socialistic in tendency. Most undergraduates come up—most thinking undergraduates, at any rate—with a hazy conviction that all is not for the best in this best of all possible worlds. They are just beginning to notice some of the evils which seem inseparable from any industrial system and to feel a Quixotic desire to find some remedy. That such men fall under the influence of the Fabian Society is scarcely to be wondered at. Satan as an angel of light might well deceive the very elect. And no one grudges the Fabian Society such converts. One regrets the waste of good intentions, but no more. Still, it is a fact worthy of consideration that the majority of Oxford "Fabians" have joined the Society during their first term. The result, however, is to produce a fairly strong body of Fabians. But what must be remembered is that in comparison with the numbers of the University—in comparison, even, with the numbers of serious undergraduates—they are few. Unfortunately, they possess a certain proportion of fairly well-known men, and during the last year they have been gradually arrogating to themselves the right to speak for the whole University.

As recently as last term the "Union Society" passed a motion in favour of the introduction of working men into Oxford. The result was exactly what was to be expected. Radical and Labour papers and politicians declared loudly (and with a certain show of reason) that the "great heart of Oxford" was for Social Reform. Now, any Oxford man knows that, whatever was the case in the past, the "Union Society" does not represent undergraduate opinion. It is ruled by a clique and it is supported by the "mildly intellectual" type of man, whose intentions are as good as his intelligence is bad. A man who maintains that the "Union" Vote of last term was a proof of Oxford's readiness for this particular type of reform is either grossly out of touch with Oxford or else absolutely unscrupulous.

The close of term, however, saw a further venture in the same direction. Mr. Kier Hardie was brought down to Oxford. His reception was, to say the least, not a cordial one, and the result was the usual outcry of "undergraduate manners," "childish intolerance"—in fact, all the ordinary cant reflections were made. Now, the responsibility for any outbreak—and a serious disturbance was only narrowly averted—rests entirely with the officials of the Fabian Society. That they knew there would be trouble was proved by their elaborate precautions in the matter of stewards, and by their ingenious policy of seating ladies on the platform at the meeting. As a matter of fact, some form of disorder was the only method left the undergraduate of expressing his views. Had Mr. Kier Hardie been received quietly, every Radical paper would have shouted the triumph of Socialism: "Oxford, the champion of Conservatism, had received a violent Socialist with enthusiasm." A very striking confirmation of this view is afforded by Mr. Kier Hardie's disingenuous attempt to minimise the disturbance in his account of the meeting. Nobody who was present could have read without intense amazement his statement that he had enjoyed a "most successful meeting." And one must repeat, quite deliberately, that the whole affair, in so far as it was not pure bravado, was a calculated attempt to convince the world that Oxford is at heart Socialist.

The danger is, to-day, a very real one. On the one hand you have the weak-headed sentimentalist seeking to "reform" Oxford in a hopelessly impossible way; on the other you find the Fabian deliberately misrepresenting the views of the undergraduate. Once convince the "man in the street," or, for that matter, the man in the study, that the undergraduate is ready and willing to receive the working man as a brother, and half the case against the Reform Scheme falls to the ground. And so one must repeat emphatically what every Oxford man—and the Fabian not least—already knows: that Oxford has never been more Conservative than to-day, nor more opposed to violent changes. The influence of the Socialist clique cannot be lasting, depending as it does on the influence of a single school and perhaps two colleges; but it may, during a very brief period, do incalculable harm. It behoves all Oxford men to use every means of checking this misrepresentation of their views. For the rest, one must ask those outside to make very certain of their facts ere they move. The Quixotism which is only an amiable weakness in a freshman becomes a positive vice in a man of responsibility. Men like Canon Barnett and Mr. W. Temple cannot help knowing that their schemes—whatever their intrinsic merits—are wholly unacceptable in Oxford: they come from outside and not inside the University. And it is scarcely too much to say that their arguments, their endeavours to spread abroad a belief that Oxford will receive the "Working-man Scholars" gladly are proof either of incredible blindness or of wilful dishonesty.

THE ARDLAMONT MYSTERY SOLVED

IN the "Notable Scottish Trials" Series, published by Messrs. William Hodge and Company, of Edinburgh, there recently appeared the full report of the trial in December, 1893, of Alfred John Monson for the attempted murder of Cecil Hambrough on the 9th of August of that year, and the murder of the same young man on the following day. The attempted murder was alleged to have taken place on the night of the 9th of August, when Alfred Monson, according to the theory of the prosecution, acting in collusion with Edward Scott, induced the boy Cecil Hambrough to go out on a sea-fishing expedition and endeavoured to drown him. On the following morning Monson, again according to the theory of the prosecution, with the knowledge and connivance of Edward Scott, shot and killed Cecil Hambrough. In short, we have our old and much-discussed case "the Ardlamont mystery." The book contains the full verbatim report of the case, the speeches for the prosecution, and the defence, and the judge's summing up, and it was pure chance that induced us the other day to pick it up and read it, and thereby for the first time to obtain any real knowledge of this extraordinary case. We sat down to read it in an impartial frame of mind—that is to say, we were not conscious of prejudice one way or the other, and while we remembered more or less vaguely the general outlines of the case from reading the reports in the newspapers at the time the trial was proceeding, we had never come to any definite and final conclusion about it. We began the book languidly, we got interested, we became absorbed, we read it breathlessly to the end: the verdict of "Not Proven." We rubbed our eyes and read it all through again carefully and judicially, and with ever-increasing amazement and horror. For there is no mystery, no ambiguity, no possible room for doubt in the mind of any man with brains and a heart; Alfred Monson was innocent of the charges brought against him, and not only was he innocent, but the case against him of the prosecution was scarcely even a superficially plausible case. We defy any honest man of ordinary intelligence to read this book through and come to any other conclusion. Mr. Comrie Thomson, who defended Monson, was able to show conclusively that so far from there being any motive which could have actuated such an appalling crime as that alleged against Monson, the death of Cecil Hambrough meant complete financial ruin to Monson, and every consideration of self-interest made it incumbent on him to keep him alive. If Cecil Hambrough had lived till he was twenty-one years old, Monson would have received a large sum of money, and if he had died at any time after he was twenty-one years old Monson would have received £20,000, the amount of his insurance policy. Yet the jury who tried the case were asked by Mr. Asher, the Solicitor-General for Scotland, to believe that Monson, a man who, according to Mr. Asher's own showing, was a clever man of the world, and versed in all the intricacies of finance, was guilty of the horrible treachery and cruelty as well as the insane idiocy of murdering Cecil Hambrough in the hope of obtaining the full amount of the insurance policy assigned to him by Cecil Hambrough, a minor, such assignment, as any man of sense must have been aware, being invalid, and not worth the paper it was written on. Quite apart from the utter absence of motive for the murder, the charge was conclusively disproved by the evidence as a whole. Such was evidently the opinion of the judge, the Lord Justice-Clerk, Sir John Macdonald, as anyone can see for himself by reading his summing-up, in which he disposes

of the case for the prosecution as effectually as Mr. Comrie's eloquent speech for the defence, if less dramatically. The Lord Justice-Clerk's summing up is as plain a direction to the jury to acquit the prisoner as could possibly be made consistently with the use of judicial language. Short of telling the jury in plain English that the case for the prosecution had completely broken down, and that it was their obvious duty to bring in a verdict of acquittal, the Lord Justice-Clerk could have done no more to secure Monson's acquittal. The verdict of the jury, "Not Proven," was a cowardly and wicked verdict, given as a cowardly and wicked concession to the unfair prejudice raised against Monson in the viler section of the Press. An English jury would have unhesitatingly acquitted Monson; according to English ideas of justice, when the case against a man is not proved he is entitled to acquittal. The writer of this article is a Scotsman, and proud of it, he bears a surname which is known and honoured all over Scotland, and he says deliberately that the verdict in the Monson case was a disgrace to Scotland, a disgrace to Scottish justice and fair play, and a disgrace to humanity. And what can be said of the conduct of the Crown in the matter? Their whole case was founded on and inextricably woven up with the theory that the man Edward Scott, whose unaccountable disappearance before the trial caused so much excitement at the time, was the guilty accomplice of Monson. They used his disappearance against Monson, to his utmost prejudice, and proceeded to build up on that disappearance a hypothetical story of melodramatic villainy, which subsequent events proved to be a pure figment of the imagination. At the beginning of the case Scott's name was called, and on his failure to appear a sentence of outlawry was passed on him. The Solicitor-General worked up and completed an elaborate and gruesome picture in which the sinister figure of Edward Scott loomed largely and terribly—and then when, after the trial was over, the terrible Scott turned up and made an appearance on the music-hall stage, when he turned out to be an entirely inoffensive and rather foolish person, incapable of hurting a fly, who had run away and hidden himself in a fit of childish panic, did they make any charge against him or even appoint a commission to take his evidence? Not a bit of it; they simply rescinded the decree of outlawry which had been pronounced against him, and let the whole matter drop. The fact that if the evidence of Scott had been made public the result would have been to knock the whole bottom out of the case of the police and the prosecution, and even to make it appear supremely ridiculous, deterred them from taking any steps which might have served to vindicate the unfortunate victim who had gone out of court with his verdict of "Not Proven" to live a life of hell on earth. For to such a life was poor Alfred Monson condemned. His family behaved as families are apt to behave on this kind of occasion: a few of its members believed in his innocence, and proceeded nobly to give expression to their belief by referring to him with bated breath as "poor Alfred," by refraining from asking him to their houses "for fear that he might meet somebody who would be rude to him," by effectually preventing him from taking any steps to rehabilitate himself on the ground that "it would only make more scandal," by giving him "good advice," and by keeping him as short of money as was possible consistently with not allowing him and his wife and children to die of starvation; the other members of his family frankly spoke of him as a murderer, and, as is the amiable wont of hostile members of a family, were more virulent about him even than outsiders. On the whole, and with all suitable reservations, we may say that a man who gets into any kind of trouble may generally

be recommended to pray God to save him from his family, and the case of Monson is no exception to the general rule. The recital of the few details we have been able to gather of his life after the verdict would not be a cheerful one, and we shall not dwell on it. We shall merely say that the meagre financial support of his family did not long continue, that every time he succeeded in getting any sort of honest employment some kind Christian soul went round and denounced him as "Monson the murderer," and that finally, having been driven from pillar to post and hounded from every possibility of earning an honest living, he took to dishonest courses and was sentenced to a term of penal servitude for fraud. We do not know the details of this case, we should not be surprised to learn that he was unjustly convicted owing to the prejudice which had been excited against him, but in any case, and admitting that he was in this case rightly convicted, we shall continue to believe that he was a cruelly ill-used and martyred man. The book containing the report of the Ardlamont trial contains photographs of the Lord Justice-Clerk, Mr. Asher, the then Solicitor-General for Scotland, and Mr. Comrie Thomson. There is no photograph of Monson in the book, but we have seen one taken at the time of his trial. He was then thirty-three years of age, and we confess that as we looked at the presentment of his gay and gallant good-looks (he had a singularly beautiful and attractive face) and considered the horrible, brutal tragedy of his life, we were uncomfortably moved. We are informed that he died shortly after his release from prison, but our authority on this point is dubious, and it may be that he is still alive. If he is dead, and we hope for his own sake that he is, let this article serve as a tardy reparation offered to the memory of one of the most piteous victims of man's inhumanity to man who ever turned a face, brave, undaunted and debonair to the pack of howling dogs that hounded him down.

REVIEWS

THE ATTIC MUSIC HALL

The Acharnians of Aristophanes. With Introduction, Critical Notes, and Commentary by W. RENNIE. (Arnold, 6s. net.)

ARISTOPHANES is the playground of the more human scholar, especially if he be nimble and light of hand. Without, however, affirming anything concerning Mr. Rennie's nature, it may be stated that much entertainment may be extracted from his book, at first sight unpromising for general review. Until comparatively recently in the history of scholiastic Aristophanes was regarded as a serious authority on Athenian political history. Grote was among the early exploders of that idea, but it still lingers in milder forms, and Mr. Rennie has to combat them in his Introduction. He might have gone further still, for his remarks suggest that Aristophanes had no serious political principles at all. Aristophanes was rather a pure caricaturist of manners, such as were in other arts Goya, Hoffmann—and, it may be added, is Mr. Max Beerbohm. His sole motive of the nature of principle seems to have been the most powerful motive for satirical art, personal antipathy.

A critical examination of Mr. Rennie's text, with the mass of variant readings unobtrusively printed at the foot of each page, might be too trying to the printer—perhaps to the reviewer—but it would undoubtedly be dull to most readers of THE ACADEMY. It will be sufficient to notice his list of nine codices, his reference to the important excerpts from Suidas, and his mention of the papyrus fragments recently dis-

covered at Eschmunên. These last are particularly gratifying to scholiasts, since they confirm several of their previous conjectures. He names two or three works as specially useful, and wisely avoids too much specific reference to his predecessors, for the use of their labours is presupposed in work of this kind; but a list of authorities would have added to the usefulness of his book. A short description of the structure of the play and, of course, the larger part of his excellent commentary must be added to its more purely scholastic value. Its entertainment lies in the remainder of the Introduction and scattered through the Commentary. Though it is not his direct object to vivify Greek culture, as Professor Mahaffy has so often done, he thus arrives at the same end by his careful elucidation of the text. He creates a clear impression of the supreme art of Aristophanes, of the acute intelligence of the Athenians, and of their astonishing modernness.

Though we are secretly quite aware, it is well that we should be occasionally reminded, how vastly more intelligent the Athenians were than ourselves. A glance at Greek popular comedy drives the fact home. The chorus, an expensive item in the production of a Greek play, was provided by the State on application, at the discretion of the proper officer, except in the case of plays by Æschylus, when his authorisation was obligatory. It is possible to imagine the British democracy so endowing Shakespeare as a matter of sentiment. But the Aristophanic comedy was far less like a drama in the modern sense than a pantomime, in some respects, and a production for the music-hall stage in others. Its development also received no assistance whatever from scenery. The change of locality in *The Acharnians*, for instance, is frequent, and there was nothing to indicate it but the entrances and exits by one of the three doors at the back of the stage. Comprehension of the course of the play depended almost entirely on the quick wits of the audience. If the intelligence of the human race as exemplified in the Athens mob of 425 B.C. and the London mob of the present day had not vastly deteriorated, a modern *Acharnians* would now be drawing enormous crowds to a London music-hall, for, as Frere translates two lines in Aristophanes's play:

There's an uncommon ugly twang of pitch,
A touch of naval armament about it.

But to our slow wits such a political phantasmagoria would be totally unintelligible.

The Acharnians was Aristophanes's third play and the earliest which has been preserved intact. It was produced early in the sixth year of the Peloponnesian War, when he was somewhere about the age of twenty. He had made his first excursion into the political drama the year before with *The Babylonians*, a peace play running directly counter to popular sentiment, which was then so warlike that his legal representative was indicted for treason to the Demos, on the ground of the play. *The Acharnians* carried on the same game. Owing to military successes during the previous year the war fever was higher still; Cleon, the demagogue, Aristophanes's constant butt, was at the height of his power; and the whole play is a burlesque of Euripides, who strongly appealed to popular sentimentality. Yet the Athenian mob recognised Aristophanes's consummate art, and the play won the first prize. These are strong proofs of the *aisthesis* of the Attic race, its illiterates amazing perception of the elements of so subtle an art as that of caricature, and their accurate discrimination between the domain of art and politics. They were far from tolerant, but they refused to be deprived of æsthetic pleasure by political considerations.

It is impossible to follow shortly the complex story of the drama. The first part is less connected than the familiar stories of modern pantomimes, the last has no consequence at all: it is composed of a succession of harlequin scenes. The protagonist Dicaeopolis is an Attic farmer, kept in Athens by the war, detesting town life and a strong advocate of peace-at-any-price. He arrives at the Assembly much too soon, with his luncheon-basket, determined to obstruct all military proposals. When the Assembly has been opened, a professional peacemaker proposes to conduct negotiations anywhere on payment of his journey-money, and is immediately "chucked out." He is followed by Athenian ambassadors returning from the Great King with a Persian envoy. The envoy speaks an unintelligible jargon of bad Greek, which the chairmen of the Assembly interpret according to their fancy. Dicaeopolis, very angry, finds the peacemonger and commissions him to make a personal treaty for himself and family. Next arrive the Ambassador to Thrace, with a band of Thracian raiders as an earnest of more, warranted to eat up any district they may be commissioned to visit. As an example of their capacity, they seize Dicaeopolis's luncheon-basket. The peacemonger now returns with samples of treaties in bottles. Dicaeopolis chooses the Thirty-years' brand as the oldest liquor, less doctored with tar and suggestive of naval armament. He retires to his house, one of the three stage doors, to celebrate the rural festival to Dionysus. But veterans of Acharnae, full of military fervour, get wind of the bargain, and arrive to stone him. Dicaeopolis comes out, strikes a tragic attitude, and delivers a speech in the Euripidean mode, standing over his meat block and chopper in evidence of his readiness to accept martyrdom for his principles. To increase the effect he goes to Euripides's house, the centre stage door, and begs the loan of his best heroic properties. Euripides is very unwilling to part with the essence of his drama, but Dicaeopolis eventually reappears with a tattered cloak, a beggar's staff and a basket with a hole in it, full of faded greens. He then makes a speech consisting of a close burlesque of Euripides's *Telephus*. Part of the Acharnians are convinced, the other part fetch Lamachus, the General, violently burlesqued, in full uniform, supported by dancing girls. The two parts of the chorus, the Acharnians, then unite in a *résumé* of *The Babylonians* and an elaborate eulogy of the poet, Aristophanes. The remainder of the piece consists of a harlequinade in which Dicaeopolis and Lamachus are the contending heroes. Finally Lamachus is carried away to have his bruises dressed at a surgery, and Dicaeopolis is borne off in triumph to receive the victor's crown. The success of Dicaeopolis is quite devoid of any political or moral significance, it is purely artistic, the triumph of the funniest character, and evokes the same sort of sympathy as that of Owlglass, or the Man who could not shiver.

But Aristophanes is also a mine of information concerning the particular manners and customs of the Athenians of his period. From him more than from any other author can their daily life be reconstructed. It is Mr. Rennie's notes on such allusions which make his Commentary so interesting. He describes the peaceable and practical method by which crowds were dispersed by means of a rope steeped in red-ochre; the arrangement of the theatres; the social customs of picnics to which each guest contributed, and of *symposia* from which such teetotalers as then existed retired; the many and various trinkets of the women; the clothes and food of the poor and the exquisite; the hats suitable for the country and for travelling, and entirely discarded in town; the several kinds of bread; the dilution of wine; the methods of cooking flesh and fish; the sauces and the sweetmeats. The curious in

cookery can try eels garnished with beet, rissoles of salt fish baked in fig leaves, hare jugged in its own blood, and tripe sauced with honey; they can speculate whether *sepiæ* really does signify cuttle-fish, if the Athenians regarded them as a delicacy, and whether, if *echinoi* means our sea-urchins, they ate them, when not compelled by blockade. Ornithologists can discuss the exact species of the *attagâs* which Mr. Rennie calls the *francolin*, Adams the godwit, and Sundevall the *perdix cinerea*; at any rate it appears to be excellent eating. In his introduction, again, Mr. Rennie discusses the difficult question of the *Didaskolos*, that legal representative who was indicted on account of Aristophanes's *Babylonians*, and under whose name he represented *The Acharnians* and other plays according to a common custom. He was certainly not an actor, but often a poet of experience, who primarily trained the chorus. In this respect the relation of the dramatist to his *Didaskolos* was similar to that of the architect fertile in design at the present day, who associates himself with another of more experience and less imagination to avoid the drudgery of calculation. In other respects the *Didaskolos* held the position of a whipping-boy or prison-editor, for he was responsible to the State and had to undergo any penalties incurred. Prizes, however, were given under the name of both, and it seems that the *Didaskolos* received the money reward as payment for his training of the chorus.

But since at the present time the political element is more evident in the English drama in the pantomimes and more strongly and continuously on the music hall stage, a point of contact between the latter and the Aristophanic comedy must be noticed, their relative morality. The Pharisaic feeling which dominates the County Council in its control of the music halls, by turning its attention solely to respectability, blinds it to morality. With the exception of the English Restoration drama the Aristophanic comedy is probably the coarsest represented on any stage at any period, but it is far less incitive to vice than the music hall stage has been rendered by the Council. The jests of the Aristophanic comedy, however broad, appeal entirely to an intellectual faculty, the sense of humour. The County Council has eliminated the gaiety from the music hall stage, and left the human organism, however respectably concealed, its sole appeal to the carnal senses. Fortunately, the Aristophanic comedians of the present day are skilful enough to divert part of the attention of their audience from such morose delectation, by the fescennine wit which they insinuate impromptu, and the Council is too stupid to observe.

A GROUP OF PHILOSOPHERS

Essays on Literature. By EDWARD CAIRD, LL.D., D.C.L., late Master of Balliol. (James Maclehose and Sons, Glasgow, 5s.)

THE exceptionally lucid and unfettered style which characterises this series of essays and lectures renders it well worthy of re-issue after a period of seventeen years. The name of the writer is an honoured one in the realm of philosophic literature, and among those to whom his works are familiar is in itself a guarantee that whatever subject is dealt with will receive a breadth of knowledge and a sureness of touch—due to knowledge rightly applied—which will go far to give it a strong interest, whether the reader be in concord or of a divergent opinion. Philosophy is a term which conveys to the uninitiated too vague a meaning to be of any essential use; the dictionary helps him but little, since "the science of being as being" or "the knowledge of the causes and laws of all phenomena" can

hardly be said to be definitions which illuminate with particular brilliance the confused shadow-show of ideas which appears at the sound of the word; therefore, we may as well set on record a brief statement of the sphere and the reasonableness of this science of humanity that occurs in an essay, entitled "The Problem of Philosophy at the Present Time":

The task of philosophy is to gain, or rather perhaps to regain, such a view of things as shall reconcile us to the world and to ourselves. The need for philosophy arises out of the broken harmony of a spiritual life, in which the different elements or factors seem to be set in irreconcilable opposition to each other; in which, for example, the religious consciousness, the consciousness of the infinite, is at war with the secular consciousness, the consciousness of the finite; or, again, the consciousness of the self with the consciousness of the external world. It is easy to see this, if we reflect on the nature of the controversies which most trouble us at present. They all, directly or indirectly, turn upon the difficulty of reconciling the three great terms of thought—the world, self, and God—the difficulty of carrying out to their legitimate consequences what seem to be our most firmly based convictions as to any one of these factors in our intellectual life, without rejecting in whole or in part the claims of the others.

Dr. Caird admits that even this is too lax an indication, and proceeds to elaborate his argument in a masterly fashion; but the sentences quoted serve our purpose as manifesting the general trend of all these essays. Whether the author discusses Wordsworth and his Nature-philosophy, or Carlyle in his sartorial fantasies, or Goethe, or even—as in the opening paper—Dante, his view-point is the philosophical one rather than that of the poetic enthusiast or the literary critic. The temptation to range among the more flowery by-paths—some would call them the highways—of *belles-lettres* must at times have been hard to resist; there are traces of self-control in this matter in the wholly charming essay on Wordsworth; but the line of thought and reasoning throughout is clearly conceived and finely expressed. Two persons so dissimilar as the poet of our English lakes and Jean Jacques Rousseau are the subjects of some very interesting analyses wherein the points of contact between them—their love of Nature and their desire to loosen the complicated fetters of too stern a system of education and civilisation—are excellently noted. Of Rousseau Dr. Caird says:

It was the revolt of his whole soul against the life and culture of Paris that gave such force and intensity to his denunciation of the evils of an artificial civilisation, and to his prophetic call to a perverse generation to return to Nature. Forced back upon himself he sought in his visions a compensation for his practical incapacity either to conform himself to the world, or the world to himself, and "while he was musing the fire burned." Rousseau, in fact, was rather like a Hebrew prophet under an ecstasy of inspiration than a literary man setting himself a definite task.

The consideration of Dante in his relation to theology and ethics—the introductory essay to which we have referred—is a fine piece of exposition, and concludes with a passage which seems to us to sum up that poet and indicate his true place in religious history with a precision which leaves nothing more to be said:

In spite of the horrors of his *Inferno*, which are the poetic reflection of the superstitious terrors of a half-barbarous age, and in spite of the monastic austerity and purity of his Paradise of light and music, which is like a glorified edition of the services of the Church, Dante interprets the religion of the cloister in such a way as to carry us beyond it. His *Divina Commedia* may be compared to the portal of a great cathedral, through which we emerge from the dim religious light of the Middle Ages into the open day of the modern world, but emerge with the imperishable memory of those

harmonies of form and colour on which we have been gazing, and with the organ notes that lifted our soul to heaven still sounding in our ears.

The second essay, "Goethe and Philosophy," is made the occasion for a scholarly disquisition on the relation between philosophy and poetry in which the author is, perhaps, at his best, and which we should like to quote were it not so unfair to abstract disjointed paragraphs from a coherent and pleasing whole. In his closing essay on "The Genius of Carlyle" Dr. Caird, in our opinion, is not quite so happy; he emphasises too heavily the idea that a great proportion of Carlyle's work is now out-of-date, that it sufficed only for the grievances of the philosopher's own day and generation. The question is whether work informed by such tremendous energy can ever be out-of-date—whether it does not assume a different but equal quality of value from the perspective of time. Swift and Addison are most decidedly out-of-date and behind the times, but we cannot afford to discard their writings, neither does it seem particularly profitable to study them from the standpoint of their moral lessons or their political designs, save for the economist, the moralist, or the historian. But they wrote English, of an excellence! This, however, is the only thing that strikes us as a trifle out of place in Dr. Caird's admirable volume, and we may conclude by saying that it is one of those books, full of fruitful ideas and luminous reasoning, which no student of the higher branches of literature should miss—whether he incline to philosophy or not.

SHORTER REVIEWS

Arrows in the Dark. By SOPHIE COLE. (Mills and Boon, 6s.)

THE idea that a woman should publish after the death of her husband (a great pianist) the love-letters which other women had written to him—publish them in book-form for the sake of money—is rather dreadful, but there are possibilities in it for the novelist. From such possibilities the author of "Arrows in the Dark" has constructed a really clever and interesting story. The disagreeable contingencies which in unskilled hands might easily have made it repellent are avoided, and if we are forced to consider the widow as a too consistently heartless person who does not receive her deserts we must admit that she is admirably drawn and that her scheming makes an effective foil for the ingenuous hero of the book. Naturally, the letters when given to the surprised world of London cause an immense sensation, and, although the signatures are, of course, omitted, several ladies whose notions of virtue are not cast in any rigid mould suffer a considerable amount of discomposure at finding their effusions in print. Even the school-girl adoration of Marjorie, the plucky little heroine, is reproduced pitilessly. She is set up in business in Bond Street by Tom Trevor, who has the misfortune to be cousin to one of the least discreet of the amorous butterflies, and the relations which arise between these three persons form a vital part of the book. Marjorie loves Tom, Tom loves Eugénie, Eugénie loves the memory of the dead musician as far as she can be said to love at all; and so the comedy is played until, with Marjorie's death, tragedy appears. The plot is exceptionally well evolved, and the whole story, both in its main theme and in its side-issues, holds the reader's attention from first to last. We congratulate the author on a romance which is much above the average merit.

Wax. By GEORGE SOMES LAYARD. (Allen and Sons, 6s.)

THE possibilities of mesmerism and of hypnotic suggestion are very cleverly exploited in this story, and Mr. Layard certainly deserves praise for having conceived original predicaments for his characters, if not an original plot. But we fear that the overpowering improbability of the whole affair, while adding a piquancy to the book for indulgent and uncritical readers, will detract from its pleasure for those whose demands are somewhat sterner. The heroine, shut up in Madame Tussaud's Exhibition for a night, masquerading in the robe of Mary Queen of Scots; the silly young fireman of Tussaud's staff who adores the wax figure, talks to it, and is a "medium"; George Bellairs, permitting himself to be hypnotised, and placing himself completely in the power of a man who was neither a doctor nor an intimate friend—all these make very pretty material for complications, but must be regarded as rather farcical when offered as participants in a romance of London. The author would have done better had he evolved some other career for the little people of his mind—the opening chapters are so good that the plunge into "waxworks" and "mesmerism" strikes us as very disappointing and degenerative.

We note that Mr. Layard, in two or three places, chides his characters on points of grammar and choice of language. He should, therefore, be more careful himself. On page 154 we have a bad flaw: "The army of day-attendants was coming in to make their charges presentable for the day." If the word "their" refers to the "night-watchmen" in the preceding clause, it is too far separated from its antecedent. In another place this irritating sentence occurs: "The matters which had lately got themselves into such a jumble, or been got, if you like to have it so, by the Spirit of Mischief, had to get themselves marshalled and collocated." "Or been got" is most distressing. To contrast with these unpleasant lapses there are many pages where ideas and language are quite beautifully mated, pages which are charming to read. Mr. Layard's chief failing in this novel seems to be that of a too saltatory imagination; perhaps in his next work, if it should be in the field of fiction and not in his other chosen realm of letters, he will repress that imagination for the benefit of readers who have been led to expect from him something above the "popular" level.

The End and the Beginning. By COSMO HAMILTON. (Mills and Boon, 3s. 6d.)

EVEN if it were not definitely stated that in due time this novel is to form the basis of a play the fact would be sufficiently apparent from internal evidence to anyone of ordinary acumen. The entire story acts itself, if we may be permitted the expression—sets itself into a series of distinct scenes, and the reader can very easily catch the illusion that he is watching the stage, listening to the dialogue, savouring the critical "situations." It follows, therefore, as the book is written by no inexperienced hand, that what it loses from a literary point of view it gains in dramatic force, in crispness, in concentration; in a word, it "goes." It follows, equally, that in criticising the style we can hardly employ the usual standards by which novels are judged, since this one naturally tells its tale almost entirely by means of reported conversations. There is no need for hesitation, however, on the part of the reader who desires a "good story," for, once begun, this little study will scarcely be laid down until the last word has been read. We term it a study, since it seems to be a sincere attempt to express the relation

between master and man at a crisis of industrial affairs; between the chief of a large business concern and the thousands of men dependent upon him—men deluded by the cant of Socialism, deciding fatuously to strike work while receiving good pay from a good master. Necessarily, there is no striving here after fine or subtle characterisation. The actors—a most suitable word—are broadly and effectively differentiated, and at least two or three of them are familiar figures; we have Edward Chard, the "strong," square-jawed, unyielding man; Alf, the young Cockney workman, with his shag tobacco and his slangy phrases; Tapper, the tubby little "comic relief," who, when presumably asleep and suddenly kissed by his wife, exclaims: "More luck!"—the pit will overflow with giggles at this, of course; and other reminiscent characters are deftly put through their paces. We write this in no depreciatory mood—they are by no means lifeless puppets, and if the humour is, on occasion, palpably of the kind to catch a guffaw from the mixed audience of a theatre that is a fault which in such a book we suppose must be condoned. The title of the story seems totally inadequate and meaningless, and the finish is an obvious "curtain" which reads rather weakly. For an hour's entertainment however, unflagging and vivid, the book is capital, and our final judgment must coincide with the clapping of hands which it will certainly win when staged.

Eliza Brightwen: The Life and Thoughts of a Naturalist. Edited by W. H. CHESSEON. With Introduction and Epilogue by EDMUND GOSSE. (T. Fisher Unwin, 5s. net.)

"THIS little book," writes Mr. Gosse, "in its simplicity, its naïveté, will not be comprehended by any but those who are already in sympathy with its author and in measure conversant with her methods." We may accept this statement unreservedly, while adding that those readers to whom the name of Mrs. Brightwen is familiar as a household word—and there are, happily, many such—will be grateful for this simple and unpretentious record. It might, perhaps, have been wished that Mr. Chesson, to whom the practical editorship of the volume was assigned, had seen fit to exercise a more rigorous supervision. A few of the entries are of too trivial a character to warrant publication, and the inclusion of the full text of the "Holy City" was surely unnecessary, since the words are only too familiar to everyone of us. On the other hand, it must be admitted that Mr. Chesson has performed his task with scrupulous conscientiousness, and his foot-notes are occasionally of considerable value.

This book is the story of a quiet life devoted to noble ends. It is diversified by no startling incidents. Of an essentially modest and retiring disposition, Mrs. Brightwen shrank from publicity. She was an influence rather a force. Of the first fifty years of her life little need be said. She married—happily, it would appear, if not romantically. She was to a large extent the slave of her temperament, and only the prolonged illness of her husband roused her to a sense of her responsibilities. George Brightwen died in 1883, and with his death the centre of interest shifted for his widow. Always a keen student of natural history, she began to collect and classify the results of her observation. She acquired, not without difficulty, the art of writing. Hence those five or six books on animal life which have proved the unfailing delight of so many children. Her studies were distinguished for their accuracy if not for their originality. She owed little or nothing to books, and was frequently unaware that her "discoveries" were mere commonplaces to the scientific expert. This ignorance, however, was not without its advantages. For by its means she was

enabled to revolutionise the teaching of natural history. She brought science into the nursery, and it may not unfairly be claimed for her that she trained many hundreds of children in habits of observation and accuracy, while instilling into them a deep feeling for Nature.

Much of this book is concerned with the irrelevant—tea-meetings, Bible classes, Church services, and such like. Mrs. Brightwen's piety, though unquestionably deep-rooted and sincere, is apt at times to become a little oppressive. But those pages of the narrative which deal with the author's work as a naturalist are full of interest and charm, and there is an atmosphere of kind-heartedness and simple goodness which is never absent.

A CORNISH BAY

FACING the summer sunset it lies, open to the winter billows and the August calms, yet secure from the direct affront of blustering south-west gales; and into its tranquil hollow, as if for shelter, flower after flower has crept and taken hold. First the heather—so sturdy and inured that he had small need of protection, for many storms could not loosen his grasp—they passed over, leaving him unharmed, with the wind singing through his dense clusters; but the little bay grew fond of his firm, sweet tangle and his bluff way with the wind that so disturbed her peace, so she let him stay, and from rock to rock he sprinkled a pink foam of blossom. Then the foxgloves, dainty, trim and tall, peered over, and presently in groups of three or four they wandered down the crannied cliffs until one year not long ago they bent and nodded to see their rich mauve bells mirrored for the first time in the crystal light of a sunny, shallow pool. They were too beautiful to be driven back and broken at the mercy of any gusty hour. Crowding to the edge came wild roses, their pale, wondering faces turned towards the dreamy blue below; here and there, wherever he could find a space, the small golden eye of the strawberry-flower peeped shyly between; the fine tendrils of the pea, with her slender fairy blooms "on tiptoe for a flight," twined closely round everything she touched, fearing to be left behind. Through the dark undergrowth writhed the convolvulus, marking his path to right and left by snowflakes rosy-tipped; and the little bay welcomed them all until they travelled down and down and dared to whisper and laugh at the very edge of the beach itself. So the cleft in the coast became a God's garden, far from the towns of men.

On a summer evening we stood on the cliff and looked into the lovely depth, resting eyes and soul, although for a minute our hearts might have beaten more quickly with the thrill of it all. The tremulous border of the rising tide had encroached upon more than half of that narrow semi-circle of sand; its faint surge mingled with the screams of gulls at play, whirls of white specks against the headland. Nature was reduced to her primal earth, air, water, and the fire in the western sky, and something of that elemental simplicity seemed to enter into the spirit, for as by an actual stretch of arms a robe is flung from the shoulders, so the discomfort of too careful thoughts slipped from us. For once, things seen were greater than things unseen—unless it was that the visible splendour brought us more closely into relation with the beauty invisible which we can apprehend so seldom.

As the evening advanced the sea grew calmer. Petals of flowers bent inward, forming cups for the dew; buds which were nearly unfolded stayed their greeting for the morning light; the wild bees boomed contentedly homeward. Between its brown arms the little bay gathered sheaves of sunbeams—the golden

pathway trembled straightly and fairly to the far horizon.

We followed the winding foot-track and adventured upon its surface in a boat, to discover sights and sounds and fragrances that were unsuspected from the vantage of the high ground. The nearer water changed to green, and only in the middle distance did that limpid blue expanse begin that blends into the narrow indigo line of the western ocean. From that cool, clear depth the rough rocks rose like broad bastions of a citadel guarding the gentle valleys within; into it they descended, still discernible, with many a spur and pinnacle uplifting shaggy heads as though in protest against the silent, inevitable oblivion of the incoming tide. Now and then the edge of the water showed a peculiar agitation; pulling a few strokes nearer to find the reason of it, we heard queer, hollow words being blown from crevices and tiny caverns into the sea with a petulant swirl of white foam; they might have been the muffled voices of resentful, half-articulate monsters aroused from their sleep. One by one they were silenced and drowned, leaving behind a few pale, irregular lines of floating froth, as though the dying voices had written their pining in mysterious runes on the surface of the water; but the writing soon passed. Another soft noise, repeated at changing intervals, had an eerie effect on the brain; it was the detonation of the under-swell in the recesses of a cave, each sullen boom followed by a volley of shed drops that echoed musically out to the wide spaces of air.

From our boat we could see the gleaming ribbon of the beach gradually narrowing, until the dark ridge of dry, withered weed, with its litter of wicker crab-pots, its odd pieces of driftwood from wrecks of long ago, the winning-mark of the tide, was nearly awash. So fair was the sky that even then the sun was dazzling to look upon with unshaded glance as he approached the sea's rim. The innumerable tints and ochreous shades of the cliffs became intensified into patches of deep, definite colour—arabesques of red, brown, yellow, pointed streaks of green where the fingers of the land had reached out over the dizzy height and touched the rocks into life, specks of solitary ferns, growing between flakes of the very stone—all merged and set into a magnificent natural mosaic. Through the last long minutes of sunlight the hues deepened, the reds becoming more lucent, as a dark red rose held in the crimson rays will appear a flower of flame. So strong and steady, so sentient was the lift of the tide, that from the boat it seemed as though the waters were ascending to engulf the great sun as they had already engulfed the boulders and outer ramparts of the land; seemed that they might rise, and rise indefinitely, until the boat swayed with us alone at the centre of a vast, sunless, shoreless circle of sea and sky.

The sun dipped and disappeared, glorious to the end in his farewell; for the last time to-day the wet ledges and sombre roofs of the caves glimmered with the wavering web of reflected rays. As the shadow of one's hand will deaden a bunch of delicate flowers, so the colours of the cliffs suddenly ceased to glow; they took to themselves instead a tinge of strong purple and warm grey that all the high, pure radiance from the north-west to the zenith could not redeem. Darker and darker grew the air, as though veil after veil of gauze were being slowly, silently floated over the earth, her coverlets for the night. Cool breaths came and went across the sea, ruffling it as with the gloom of unseen wings; the rocks became significant, uncanny, assuming mammoth shapes as of great, grave, slumbering bodies thrust far into the deep. If they should wake, we thought, and move? Ripples that were unheard in the broad light murmured softly from the bows. The seabirds were strangely quiet, ranged in sentinel rows in front of their stony resting-

places, white points upon a purple gloom. It was time to turn homeward.

Standing on the shingle, we could glimpse the whole bay, silvery, hushed and dim as a bay in dreamland. Two or three faint sounds emphasised the stillness; the listless splash of a tiny wave; the quaint, intermittent stridulation of a grasshopper in the heather a few feet away; the rustle and cheep of an invisible, drowsy bird. The sea, touching the fringe of that thin, dry belt of weed, paused as though waiting for a whispered word. For it was high tide.

RONSARD'S "MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS"

It is to be hoped that the cheap reprint of a selection from the chief lyrical poems of Ronsard and the leading poets of his school, carefully introduced and edited by M. Auguste Dorchain, may be the means of arousing an interest in this celebrated poet, who has a peculiar fascination for English and for Scottish readers.

Born in 1524, near Vendôme, Pierre de Ronsard was for a time attached to the French Court, afterwards spending three years at the Court of Scotland, at the end of which term he transferred his services to the Duke of Orleans; but having lost his hearing he gave himself up almost entirely to the composition of lyrical poetry, earning for himself the title of the Prince of Poets, being the chief of the cluster of seven contemporary poets known in literary history as the Pleiade. Ronsard helped to introduce important changes in the idiom of the French language, as well as in the rhythm of French poetry.

When James the Fifth of Scotland gallantly married the hapless Madeleine of Valois, the youthful Ronsard, then a page in the household of her brother, the Duke of Orleans, transferred his services to the young Queen and accompanied her to Scotland. After her death he remained at Edinburgh for nearly three years, during which time he read the Greek and Latin classics, and studied under a Scotsman whose name is not given, but which it would be interesting to know, if any literary antiquary could dig it out of the ruins of the past. The King could not prevail on Ronsard to remain in Scotland, but it was afterwards the poet's fate to meet the daughter of James—Mary Queen of Scots—in France, and it was at her desire that he published his first volume of poems.

Ronsard addressed some of his finest sonnets to Queen Mary, and when she was a prisoner in England he wrote impassioned verses imploring the French to take up arms for her deliverance. Queen Elizabeth, jealous of Ronsard's affection for the Queen of Scots, strove hard to detach him from her rival, but in vain; for Ronsard was a whole-hearted and big-brained Mariolater, and the first of the cult whose worship took a distinctly literary form, his countryman and contemporary, Brantome, being an easy second. Ronsard died in 1585, while Mary was still a prisoner in England, but within two years of her release by means of the scaffold at Fotheringay.

It was during the brief reign of Francis, Mary's first husband, that Ronsard found a patroness and protectress in the young Queen, who urged him to publish the first collected edition of his works in 1560—the year, by the way, in which the Reformation became an accomplished fact in Scotland, and stern, sullen Presbyterianism was set up in place of lax and gay Romanism. Ronsard's poetry had originally been published, the Hymns in 1555, and the continuation of the Amours in 1556, and dedicated to the beautiful Marguerite of France, afterwards Duchess of Savoy.

But before the poet was able to present Mary with a copy of the last volume she was a widow and an ex-Queen, and had departed for Scotland to seek that crown which was to sit longer but less lightly on her fair head than the diadem of the realm she had left behind. Ronsard's grief at the young Queen's departure from France, which he seems to have witnessed, had been feelingly described in a long poem which Miss Castello has translated in one of her elegant books.

The fine sonnet which Ronsard wrote when Mary was a captive is also in his best style, both as a poet and as a worshipper of the unfortunate Queen. In impassioned verses he calls upon the men of France to remember their chivalry, and to fly to the rescue of the hapless lady:

Encores que la mer de bien loins nous separe, etc.,

which Miss Castello translates in this manner:

Although the envious seas divide us far,
Thine eye, heaven's brightest, most immortal star,
Will not consent that time nor space should sever,
From the heart that is thine own for ever.

O queen! who hold'st in bonds so rare a queen,
Thy counsels change, assuage thy bitter ire!
The sun in all its course has never seen,
A deed so foul, so vengeful, and so dire!

Degenerate race! what mean those shining arms
Which Renaul, Lancelot, Orlando bore?
The helpless sex they should protect from harms,

But lo! they can oppose, defend, no more!
Rust, ye vain trophies, idle useless all,—
France has no sons to win a queen from thrall!

But even before Burke's time the age of chivalry had passed, and the Renauls, Lancelots, and Orlandos, if there were any such in France, made no effort to break the chains of the fair captive who was languishing in prison, and Elizabeth, notwithstanding the appeal made to her in the fifth line:

O queen! who hold'st in bonds so rare a queen:
(Reine, qui enfermez une reine si rare,)—

was unwilling to let her prisoner go.

Mary did not forget her poetical champion. In 1583, in the sixteenth year of her captivity, she sent to him, as a mark of her admiration of his gifts and as a token of her gratitude for his faithfulness, a magnificent cupboard, surmounted with a rock representing Parnassus, with Pegasus springing from the fount of Hippocrène, and bearing this inscription:

A Ronsard, l'Apollon de la Source des Muses.

Although the fact is ignored by most historians of Scotland, including Hill Burton, who gaily sends his readers to the lively pages of Brantome, it is worth while relating that a French gentleman, Chastelard by name, who was condemned to death for having been found hidden in Queen Mary's bedchamber, refused all ghostly comfort at the scaffold, asking only to be allowed to read the Hymn de la Mort by Ronsard, the much-loved poet of her for whose sake he was about to die an ignominious death. Chastelard met his death gallantly like a true knight-errant, turning in the direction of his bright particular star, though it was obscured from view, and did not hear him addressing her as the most lovely and cruel of her sex. It is worth noting, by the way, that Chastelard is the title of one of the three poems forming Mr. Swinburne's Marian trilogy.

In 1584, with exquisite taste and diplomatic delicacy, Ronsard removed from the last edition of his works

the name of the Earl of Leicester, Queen Elizabeth's old favourite, and the eulogy he had written on that unfortunate nobleman; for our poet had lived too long at the subtle Court of France and the stormy Court of Scotland not to know whom to eulogise and whom to ignore, and when and where. Witness his address to Mary:

Je n'ay voulu, Madame, que ce livre
Passast le mer, etc.,

in the course of which he goes on to say:

My book, 'twere hard if England claimed thee all,
And thou from Scotland should too long delay,
Where, ready at thy mistress' slightest call,
Thou may'st thy tender, dutious homage pay.

Then shalt thou, happy far beyond thy race,
Behold two Queens whom the same seas enclose,
Whose fame their billows would in vain oppose,
Which fills the universe and boundless space!

'Tis meet that, since for both I frame these lays,
They should each separate beauty fitly praise;
That each should at her feet the gift survey,
Which shall the bard's devoted zeal display.

Besides, Queen Elizabeth, like Queen Mary, was a competitor for Ronsard's favour. The English Queen could not but admire his faithfulness to her rival. On one occasion, Elizabeth sent Ronsard a diamond of great value, comparing its lustre and brilliancy to the charm and sparkle of his divine poesy. She could never forget the beautiful lines he had addressed to her on the occasion of the treaty of peace with France in 1565, in which, after having proudly, but not too aggressively, affirmed his patriotism, Ronsard extolled the union and friendship of the two nations in some eloquent verses, which may be given in the original:

N'offensez point par armes ni par noise,
Si m'en croyez, la province gauloise
Les Gaulois semble au saule verdissant;
Plus on le coupe et plus il est naissant,
Et rejette en branches davantage,
Prenant vigneur de son propre domnage.
Pour ce, vivez comme amiables sœurs:
Par les combats les sceptres ne sont seurs.
Quand vous serez ensemble bien unies,
L'amour, la Foi, deux belles compagnies,
Viendront ca-bas le cœur vous chauffer
Puis, sans harnois, sans armes et sans fer,
Et sans le dos d'un carslet vous ceindre,
Ferez vos noms par toute Europe craindre,
Et l'âge d'or verra de toutes parts
Fleurir les lys entre les leopards.

Ronsard, therefore, as we see by these lines, and by those given above, was not only a Mariolater, but one of the precursors of *l'entente cordiale*, and the only real singer who has voiced the aspirations of those strenuous workers who strove and are striving—and long may they strive and thrive!—to bring about a better understanding between two great peoples, who, even in literary matters, owe much to each other.

MILTON AND DR. JOHNSON

If sympathy with the subject is necessary to a biographer Johnson should have left the blind poet alone, for probably the ages have not produced a man so antipathetically antagonistic in character to Milton, unless it be the present occupant of St. Peter's chair into whose utterances the following and similar passages might be interpolated without in any way disturbing their unity: "If every dreamer of innova-

tions may propagate his projects, there can be no settlement; if every murmurer at government may diffuse discontent, there can be no peace; and if every sceptic in theology may teach his follies, there can be no religion. The remedy against these evils is to punish the authors; for it is yet allowed that every society may punish, though not prevent, the publication of opinions which that society shall think pernicious; but this punishment, though it may crush the author, promotes the book, and it seems not more reasonable to leave the right of printing unrestrained, because writers may be afterwards censured, than it would be to sleep with doors unbolted, because by our laws we can hang a thief," though His Holiness might justly complain that he is not allowed to punish without adverse comment. That such antagonism should exist between natures both possessing a firm and reverent belief, a love of freedom only second to it, a grand personal independence, a common delight in the classics, and both sufferers from physical infirmity, seems at first an incongruity; but if, against the former quotation we place Milton's reference to Charles' execution as a glorious action which freed the people from slavery and was the outcome of its own greatness of mind, we have the key-note of the discord which clashes only the more harshly for the harmonious similarity in taste that appeared to precede it.

Johnson looked at all the objects around him straightly in the face and saw the incarnation of his beloved liberty only in law and order; the physically blind poet saw only Freedom unincarnate, and believed "Who loves that, must first be wise and good," and he thunders at those who misuse it that they mean licence when they cry Liberty, disgusted and in anger, that loosed from bondage they do not press forward on his own ideal path.

To the practical common-sense of Johnson, who tells us further on that "A state of innocence we can only conceive, if indeed, in our present misery, it be possible to conceive it," a belief that human nature could run ideally straight without leading strings, must have appeared inadmissably childish, and he constantly suspects the poet's sincerity in consequence. Virtue could scarcely have ever had two more honest votaries, yet the later worshipper finds his teeth set on edge by every trifling word and act of the earlier; in every paragraph we see the earnest struggle of the truly honest man to be just in spite of the insinuating encroachments of an all-powerful prejudice, and the presentment of this intensely human conflict is so vivid that as we finish reading the life we feel that, even if Boswell had never existed, from it alone we should have gained an intimate acquaintance with the author.

It is a triumph for "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso" that they should have charmed the prejudice to slumber for a while, but it stirs restlessly towards the end of his criticism, and knows not whether the characters are kept sufficiently apart. But in this case it is not so much prejudice as his own natural love of hard outlines, and ignorance of the melting interweaving of light and shadow, which not only prevented him from seeing that there should be "some melancholy in the mirth" was truth to Nature, but robbed his own poetry of human attraction.

"Lycidas" is torn in pieces, "Comus" is "a drama in the epic style, inelegantly splendid, and tediously instructive," and none ever wished "Paradise Lost" longer than it is, winds up so expressive of his own prejudice that one is lost in admiration of the previous attempt—even if not considered very successful—to be just and appreciative.

But amongst all those little quips of malice two gross accusations stand out—that he sold his services, and his flatteries, to a tyrant, "of whom it was evident that he could do nothing lawful"; and "that he felt not

so much the love of liberty as repugnance to authority."

To realise how these accusations were made with absolute honesty and good faith is to see how identical plants can be affected by different soil. Milton's independence was primarily mental, submitting only to the right; he demanded that his own conscience should be the arbiter. To him Cromwell was the defender of that liberty of conscience, and his rule, usurped or not, its continued defence; to him the one slavery was interference with the freedom of conscience that assured the administration of the laws could be carried through by any just man or men.

Johnson's independence was very practical. As Carlyle says, his pitching away the shoes which the Gentleman Commoner placed at his door is the type of his life. He saw no liberty outside the established law and order of things, but he demanded his own private independence of action, and it is quite open to suspicion that sooner than wear those boots, he would have been ready to execute and revile his King. To him their acceptance seemed like beggary; he could not quite rise to the spirit in which they were offered, and remember that though he, a servitor, had to rise early, the donor had risen still earlier to place them at his door. He could not quite forgive the possession of wealth, or understand "that a grateful mind by owing owes not, but still pays, at once indebted and discharged"; and we admire his tenacity, his solid, fighting stubbornness.

Milton's love of independence led him to call Cromwell the "Father of his Country," and end with "Paradise Regained"; Johnson's led him to write of his publisher, "Tonson, a man who is to be praised as often as he is named," and to end with a dictionary.

Free will is another point where this curious sameness of sentiment and divergence of development comes out markedly, with Milton it is ever looked at from high range of thought—"I made him just and right, sufficient to have stood, though free to fall."

The abstract ideal is ever more real to him than its incarnation in his visible surroundings, it is discussed in Heaven, he does not trace its working and struggling in the human reasoning and acts any more than his predestination reaches its logical result as a guiding theory of human action, in the fatalism of the East.

Johnson sees it in its effects on human action, and in one great line, "Daring, though calm; and vigorous, though resigned," expresses how the influence of a belief in it reveals itself in human action. Taken from the prologue of his tragedy, "Irene," its story, the Christian Greeks against the Turk, has evidently led him into a consideration of fatalism and, perhaps unconsciously to himself, by the two qualifying adjectives and the concretion of the metaphysical into conduct, he succeeds in drawing his beloved sharp line of demarcation even across the coalescing waters of destiny and foreknowledge.

The daring of the fatalist is unquestioned, nothing he does or leaves undone can alter the hour of his death, fixed since time began; the man who believes his will and reason free to act on and form his circumstance adds to daring the calm which makes and accepts opportunity; he uses his vigour to its uttermost, and knowing he has done all in man's power is prepared to meet death with the resigned bravery that robs the victor of his triumph and failure of its sting, utterly different from the fate-acceptance which is a despair of self-help and steals the vitality from the spring of action.

His sincerity is undoubtable, so also his prejudice, when we compare what he says of Milton's service to Cromwell with the charitable excuses that he makes for Addison's acceptance of the secretaryship to Whar-ton; but once, indeed, the kin of authorship raises him

above it and what secrets of his own heart, its hopes and confidences, is he not telling us when he wrote, "Fancy can hardly forbear to conjecture with what temper Milton surveyed the silent progress of his work, and marked its reputation stealing its way, in a kind of subterranean current, through fear and silence. I cannot but conceive him calm and confident, little disappointed, not at all dejected, relying on his own merit with steady consciousness, and waiting without impatience the vicissitudes of opinion, and the impartiality of a future generation"?

CORRESPONDENCE

A PRIMER OF POETRY.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—People who are discontented with the mechanical prosody of our grammars often ask where they can procure more satisfactory guidance, and the question is not easily answered. In this country there is hardly to be found a handbook which deals adequately with the subject. Prof. Saintsbury's "History of Prosody" is, of course, a work very different in conception. American students are more fortunate; they can choose among several unpretentious, but trustworthy, manuals. One such is "English Verse," by Raymond MacDonald Alden (Holt and Co., New York, 1903), which contains well-chosen examples, along with a few pages of lucid theoretical exposition. Much more to the purpose, however, and likely to meet the wants of advanced students, as well as beginners, is a new book by the same writer, entitled "An Introduction to Poetry: for Students of English Literature" (same publishers, 1909). Whether the book is on sale in England I do not know, but trust that arrangements will be made for supplying a not improbable demand.

It is much more than a treatise on versification. Of its six chapters the first three—nearly half the book—deal with substance rather than form. In this way are discussed, briefly, but competently, such questions as: What is poetry?—is it wholly mimetic?—is metrical form essential to it?—also its origin, its division into such branches as Epic, Lyric, Dramatic, etc., the function of imagination, the relations between poetry and beauty, and between poetry and truth, its special subject-matter, its appropriate style, and so forth. In each discussion reference is made to the opinions of leading critics from Aristotle downward. This is a noteworthy feature of the book, and makes it not merely a record of the author's own views, but a guide to those of others, thus forming a compendious introduction to the whole subject. Throughout these chapters the author's judgments strike one as eminently sane and level-headed, while the citations and bibliography give every reader a chance of testing these by reference to the highest authorities; anyone who carries out this latter process thoroughly will have little left to learn so far as books can teach.

But it is probably the last three chapters—dealing with rhythm, metres, feet, rhyme, and assonance, stanza-form, etc.—which will be found both most interesting to the critic and most useful to the learner. The discussion of rhythm is particularly good, holding the balance between rival theories, not making "accents" or "stresses" the beginning and end of the matter, recognising the importance of time-measure, taking due account of "rests," and distinguishing between the methods of music and of verse. Those who were interested by recent discussions in our correspondence columns will like to read the following sentences: "Two streams of sound pass constantly through the inner ear of one who understands or appreciates the rhythm of our verse; one, never actually found in the real sounds which are uttered, is the absolute rhythm, its equal time-intervals moving on in infinitely perfect progression; the other, represented by the actual movement of the verse, is constantly shifting by quickening, retarding, strengthening or weakening its sounds, yet always hovers along the line of the perfect rhythm, and bids the ear refer to that perfect rhythm the succession of its pulsations."

Elsewhere the writer speaks of rhythm as a chain of innumerable equal links moving past the artist at a fixed rate of speed, into which he inserts sounds, without altering the speed further than by slight temporary accelerations or retardations; and points out that

while a musician can create sounds of exactly the required duration a poet must choose among previously existing sounds and take those that come nearest to what he wants. So, in his former book, he had stated that "the sounds of verse have constantly to effect a compromise between the typical rhythm to which they are set and the irregular stress- and time-variations of human speech." These sentences, in my belief, go pretty near the root of the matter.

Equally well-balanced are the pronouncements on feet and metres. "In actual usage, the term 'foot' stands for the blending of two different entities, or for either alone: the time-interval which is the unit of the rhythm, and the group of syllables which normally fill that time-interval." Iambic and trochaic lines produce different effects, though their rhythmic structure is identical. Variations of form usually correspond to changes of emotion. Verse "is not well read when a listener cannot distinguish it from prose." Our chief metres are well illustrated, both by description and quotation, reference being sometimes made to the previous volume for fuller examples. "Rime" is shortly dealt with, while on "tone-quality" the writer preserves a judicious intermediacy between the somewhat excessive claims advanced for suggestiveness in sounds and the perhaps no less extravagant rejection of those claims altogether. The classification of stanza-forms, while not professing to be exhaustive, is sufficient; the sonnet, for example, is treated briefly, but with clear perception of the main issues. Wide reading combines with careful analysis to make these pages valuable. No two prosodists will ever wholly agree, and I should like to have found a line of demarcation drawn between the genuine trisyllabic foot and its simulacrum when three syllables are taken in the normal time of two, while perhaps an *obiter dictum* here and there may be open to challenge. But as regards main lines of thought the positions adopted seem demonstrably sound.

On the whole, it would be hard to find a book which can be placed with equal confidence in the hands of pupils, while examination of its contents will repay experts. I trust that its merits may receive due recognition, here, and in the country of its origin. Its author hails from California, and is a University teacher in that State.

T. S. OMOND.

MR. ARCHER'S TWO GUINEAS.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—As a regular reader of your charmingly controversial and critical paper I hope you may be able to find room for a few remarks anent a certain advertisement you have rather uncompromisingly demolished.

Being a tentative and would-be playwright, Messrs. Curtis Brown and Massie's announcement caught my eye with a certain force.

I entirely agree that it would be interesting to know on what terms the firm transacts business with aspiring authors; also whether Mr. Archer's advice or help has or has not been instrumental in causing the acceptance, or refusal, of any one particular play. My own experience is not large, but, such as it is, it extends to both books and plays—both of which I live in hopes of bringing to the notice of an admiring (it is well to be optimistic) public in the fulness of time. Among other things I have gathered that literary agents are a most excellent means of "buying" further experience—so far as unknown authors are concerned.

Any other use has escaped my (doubtless short-sighted) notice.

If you could instruct me I should be grateful and obliged, for no one requires real help more than a would-be author. But, leaving all this on one side from considerations of space, an idea occurs to me, which declines expulsion from my mind, that Mr. Archer's gifts must be of a very unusual kind.

It appears to be generally admitted that successful playwrights realise quite acceptable sums of money—more than one or two guineas at a time. If a man is so skilled in what material a play should contain that in a few hundred drastic and nicely-chosen words he is enabled to convert a bad play into a good one, or a non-acceptable play into an acceptable one, then that man is a remarkable man. This, I think, may be assumed without dispute.

The man I am referring to must possess a unique gift of criticism and an intimate knowledge of both construction and dialogue (not to mention "story"), which would appear to me to be the perfect and ideal equipment of a successful dramatist.

No doubt I am wrong, but, assuming I am correct, does Mr. Archer advise on plays from philanthropy?

He would make such a lot of money if he wrote plays himself.

I, for one, should be envious of his fame, and indulge Socialistic ideas when I contemplated his wealth.

In other walks of life a competent instructor is usually a craftsman himself.

It would be easy for any wielder of the mighty pen to confute me with the differences in the genius of a "producer" and a "critic," but I venture to suggest that such a course would not be germane to the position Mr. Archer takes up with regard to this question, and to the art of the playwright generally.

I have written a "play" (?) and a friend of mine (a well-known author and playwright himself) has been kind enough not only to read it, but to send it with his recommendation to a very big man in the theatrical world.

When I get it back (I am not really an optimist) shall I, sir, send it to Mr. Archer from curiosity, and will you pay the fee for me?

I don't think it's worth it myself.

"GREENJACKET."

A FITTING REMEDY FOR "SUFFRAGETTE" MANIA.

To the Editor of THE ACADEMY.

SIR,—It becomes clearer every day that there is much truth in Dr. Shipley's recent finding, to the effect that the present Suffragette wave of madness partakes of the form of "a peculiar mental disorder," known in the Middle Ages as "tarantism." For "nervous malady" it is, must be, which drives even apparently cultivated women, or women, at least, of pre-established social standing and cultured surroundings, in many instances to such utterly absurd and ridiculous resorts as the leaders of the extreme Suffragette element persistently involve themselves and their "Cause." But, surely, the patience of the British public must, by this time, have become pretty well exhausted; for there is a limit, even to the endurance of the most patient of rational beings, and nausea is the inevitable ultimate to a too-prolonged sensational series of stage-plays.

And, really, it is difficult to conceive of a situation at once so ludicrous, incongruous, and abnormally afflictive as the present Suffragette craze has developed; or one else in which so much mental disorder is commingled with perversity, persistence, and disgraceful antics. "Cold water" might be, and no doubt *would be* a capital antidote; but—who is to apply it? For, like the proverbial "mad dog," your modern "Suffragette" will clearly avoid that—cannot abide it!

But there, seeing that these mad creatures are yet treated as sane, and are held, accordingly, as "liable" to the penalties of the law, why not make the penalty of such termagants "fit" the "crime," and punish them accordingly? But, perhaps, it would be equally effective, as a "restraining" method, to treat these "neurotic" afflicted ones as clearly "demented" and "irresponsible" victims, and to send the most, or worst and most violent offenders to penal asylums—and "treat" them accordingly. There, they might with some hope (by means of diet, cold-water plunges, and discipline) be ultimately "cured" of their grievous malady. For I gravely suspect that the most obstreperous and violent of the "leaders," at all events, are, pretty generally, the "victims" of their own self-inflicted woes and grievances—because they "live too high," and have not enough to do. Were it otherwise, it is next to impossible that women of the rank of not a few of these "leaders" would so far bemean themselves and outrage common decency. In any event, it is perfectly plain that they, and such as they, are not in the least "qualified," either by brains or "education," and far less by their "womanhood," rationally to exercise the coveted franchise, even were they successful in obtaining it.

In brief, to "enfranchise" the "Suffragettes" of to-day would be little short of madness on the part of the electorate of Great Britain, and not until the present wave of "tarantism" has spent itself, and until the British "woman," in the aggregate approves herself more worthy of the franchise, should she be allowed a ghost of a chance to add to the sum of the common madness and confusion of the national councils. For if ever there was a time, or epoch, in British history in

which national sanity, in the fullest sense, was an essential requisite, that time, and that juncture, is the present one. And surely John Bull must by this time have had his "fill" of diversion and "tarantism." And, now, it is high time that he assayed a little reflection, and resumed "business!"

EDWIN RIDLEY.

BOOKS RECEIVED

BIOGRAPHY

Brittany to Whitehall. Life of Louise Rente de Kérualle, Duchess of Portsmouth. Mrs. Colquhoun Grant. Long, 12s. 6d. net.

Life of Canon Fleming. By the Rev. Arthur R. M. Finlayson. James Nisbet & Co., 6s. net.

FICTION

The Road of No Return. A. C. Inchbold. Chatto and Windus, 6s.

St. Martin's Summer. Rafael Sabatini. Hutchinson, 6s.

A Flight from Siberia. Vaclaw Turoszewski. Hutchinson, 6s.

Wax. George Somes Layard. Allen, 6s.

Olives in Italy. Moray Dalton. Fisher Unwin, 6s.

Tales of Unrest. Joseph Conrad. Fisher Unwin, 3s. 6d.

For Church and Chieftain. May Wynne. Mills and Boon, 6s.

Render Unto Cæsar. Mrs. Vere Campbell. Mills and Boon, 6s.

Was he a Coward? By Valentine Trail. George Routledge, 6s.

The Stairway of Honour. By Maud Stepney Rawson. Mills & Boon, 6s.

The Widow—To Say Nothing of the Man. By Helen Rowland. Stanley Paul, 1s. net.

HISTORY

The City of Jerusalem. Col. K. Conder. Murray, 12s. net.

POETRY

The Garden of Love and other Poems. Immo Allen. Kegan Paul, 3s. 6d. net.

Betelguese. Jean Louis De Esque. Connoisseur's Press.

THEOLOGY

Our Bible Text. Some recently discovered biblical documents. Rev. W. O. E. Oesterley, D.D. Skeffington, 1s. net.

Creation and Grace. Being an exposition of the first three chapters of Genesis and their harmony with science. New and improved edition by William Lintern. Glamorgan Press, 3s. net.

The Old Testament in the Light of the Religion of Babylonia and Assyria. J. Evans Thomas. Black, 3s. 6d. net.

A Piece of New Cloth. James Adderley. Hunter and Longhurst, 2s. net.

MAGAZINES

The Socialist Review, Ainslie's, The Connoisseur, Oxford and Cambridge Review, The Country Home, St. Nicholas, Harper's, Blackwood's, The Architectural and Topographical Record, The Scottish Historical Review, The Reliquary, The Book Monthly, Scribner's, The Contemporary Review, Mercure de France, The Empire Review, Deutsche Rundschau, The Homiletic Review, Putnam's, Want List of American Historical Serials, The Art Journal.

St. George's (for April), Mount Tom, Papyrus.

MISCELLANEOUS

The Press Album. Edited by Thos. Catling. Murray, 2s. 6d. net.

Closer Union. A letter on the South African union and the principles of government. Olive Schreiner. Fifeild, 1s. net.

777. The Walter Scott Publishing Co., 10s.

Valuation, its Nature and Laws; being an Introduction to the General Theory of Value. Wilbur Marshall Urban. Swan Sonnenschein, 10s. 6d. net.

Illuminating and Missal Painting on Paper and Vellum. Philip Whithard. Crosby, Lockwood, 4s. net.

Simple Eye Teaching for Class and Platform. A. W. Webster. Sunday School Union, 1s. 6d. net.

"The Queen" Newspaper Book of Travel. 2s. 6d. net.

Adventures in Contentment. David Grayson. Andrew Melrose, 5s. net.

Papers for Thinking Welshmen. A. W. Wade-Evans. Unwin, 1s. net.

The Twenty-second Book of the Iliad, with Critical Notes. Alex. Pallis. Nutt.

Pictorial Guide to Gardening. By the Editor of "Garden Life." The Cable Publishing Co., 1s. net.

Manual of Occasional Offices for the Use of the Clergy, with primitive collects, formulæ, tables, and lists. Compiled by Rev. J. L. Saywell. Cope and Fenwick, 4s. net.

The Status of Women under the English Law. By A. Beatrice W. Chapman and Mary Wallis Chapman. George Routledge, 2s. 6d. net.

Carthage; A Tragedy in Three Acts. By William Percival Cook. George Routledge & Sons, 2s. 6d.

A First Précis Book. By G. A. F. M. Chatwin, M.A. Edward Arnold, 2s. 6d.

The Jews in China. By S. M. Perlmann.

Tariff Reform. By Alexander Forbes, J.P. Aberdeen Printing Co.

Speaking in Public. By Charles Seymour. George Routledge, 3s. net.

Votes for Women; A Play in Three Acts. By Elizabeth Robins. Mills & Boon, 1s.

ORDER FROM YOUR LIBRARY

THE DIAMOND AND THE ROSE

By HOPE PROTHEROE, Author of "One Man's Sin."

An up-to-date novel, in style and method of subject treatment, and a decided advance on "ONE MAN'S SIN." Those who, as a result of reading that book, expect only pathos from this author, will, in "THE DIAMOND AND THE ROSE," be agreeably disappointed. A rough diamond and a rose would be strange mates indeed; yet no whit more so than the couple of human beings whose story is here presented. How a man may struggle in vain against a force stronger than himself, and a woman become a daily terror to the man who loves her, are graphically portrayed. The sympathy of most will be extended to the man, who, in the depth of his own despair, takes the blame of his wife's action upon himself, and deals forcibly, yet withal in gentlemanly fashion, with his worse than interfering mother-in-law. The last chapter leaves the reader with a distinct note of hopefulness and the prospect of the hero's final reclamation, and that at the hands of a woman who has, herself, a "conscientious scruple" that will inevitably affect her future life. It is a book that everyone should read and recommend. It is at times comic, dramatic and sensational, and the interest it inspires is fully sustained to the end.

A SHOOTING STAR

By EFFIE CHAMBERLAYNE.

A novel in which a spice of politics is ingeniously interwoven with a charming love story offers the kind of fare which will appeal to most readers of fiction. Miss Effie Chamberlayne, the author of "A SHOOTING STAR," comes from a political family; but in addition to her knowledge of affairs, she shows that she possesses, in an uncommon degree, the qualities of imagination and humour that go to make up the successful novelist. The story itself, which is laid mainly in England, is concerned with the possession of some politically "compromising documents"; and the mystery surrounding both the recovery of the papers, and the personality of the Agent attempting the task, is manipulated with a dexterity and a resource not often to be met with in a first effort. "A SHOOTING STAR" leads up by stages to an exciting and dramatic climax, in which, however, the probabilities are kept well within bounds. Miss Effie Chamberlayne has written a story in which there is a due admixture of light and shade, of grave and gay; and the ranks of wholesome, natural, and straightforward fiction have received a recruit whose work should be heartily welcomed.

THE CENTURY PRESS, 6-9 Surrey St., Strand, London.

SPRING ANNOUNCEMENTS—April, 1909.

GEORGE ROUTLEDGE & SONS.

Passing English of the Victorian Era, by J. REDDING WARE; 7s. 6d. net. Poe's Poems; with a new Essay on Poe, by J. H. INGRAM; 1s. net. Roman Life and Manners under the Early Empire, by J. H. FREESE, M.A.; 6s. St. Nicotine; a History of Tobacco, by A. V. HEWARD; 5s. net. Service of the Synagogue; in 6 vols, edited by H. M. ADLER, M.A.; each 10s. 6d. net, leather; 5s. net, cloth. Shakespeare for Home Reading, edited by K. HARVEY; each 1s. net: (1) "The Merchant of Venice"; (2) "A Midsummer Night's Dream"; (3) "Hamlet"; (4) "As You Like It." Songs of Two Savoyards; a Collection of Ballads from the celebrated Savoy Theatre Operas, words and music; 10s. 6d. net; full morocco, gilt, 15s. net. Swimming, by ARCHIBALD SINCLAIR; 1s. The Sex Triumphant, by A. C. FOX-DAVIES; 1s. net.

MINIATURE REFERENCE LIBRARY (1s. net).—Battles and Sieges, by LAWRENCE DAWSON. Dates and Facts, by A. B. TUCKER. Dictionary of Philosophical Terms, by ARTHUR BUTLER, M.A. German-French and French-German Dictionary, by H. SCHWANN. SIX-SHILLING NOVELS.—Duncan Falconer's Revenge, by ALICE M. DALE. Fortunes of a Fair Free Lance, by Mrs. JEFFERY. Was He a Coward? by Mrs. VALENTINE.

MESSRS. SKEFFINGTON & SON.

Passiontide and Easter (Thirteen Addresses), by the Rev. VIVIAN R. LENNARD. Short Addresses for Holy Week (including also Easter Day), by the Rev. W. V. MASON; a series of homely, practical Sermons; that for Easter Eve being in preparation for the Easter Communion. The Country Pulpit, by the Rev. J. A. CRAIGIE; a volume of village sermons. "Isms," by the Rev. BASIL G. BOURCHIER; a series of addresses on Catholicism, Protestantism, Eddysim, Spiritualism, Modernism, Socialism, Determinism, Erastianism. The Parson's Perplexity; What to Preach About; being sixty short, suggestive sermons for the hard-working and hurried, by the late Rev. Dr. W. J. HARDMAN; new Cheap Edition. Confirmation: Before and After; being thirteen instructions in preparation for Confirmation and Holy Communion, with questions on each instruction to be distributed to the candidates, by the Rev. C. R. BALL, Canon of Peterborough. Paedagogus; Twelve Sermons on the Education Question, by the Rev. T. A. SEDGWICK. Home Parishes and Foreign Missions; a Guide to Organisation, by the Rev. C. HALDON. Holy Communion; Simple Teaching and Prayers, by ARTHUR C. CHAMPNEYS. Little Helps for Term Time; a book to help little boys during their first years at school.

SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING CHRISTIAN KNOWLEDGE.

"Ordination Problems; Reordination and Ordination "Per Saltum" and Home Reunion, by JOHN WORDSWORTH, D.D., Bishop of Salisbury. The Philosophy of the Fourth Gospel; a Study of the Logos Doctrine, its Sources and its Significance, by the Rev. J. S. JOHNSON. The Syrian Fathers and their Environment, by the Rev. DE LACY O'LEARY. Rational Necessity of Theism, by the Rev. A. D. KELLY, M.A. Typical English Churchmen (Second Series): "Stephen Gardner," by JAMES GAIRDNER, C.B.; "Cuthbert Tunstall," by the Rev. G. H. ROSS-LEWIN, M.A.; "William of Wykeham," by W. A. SPOONER, D.D.; "Cardinal Beaufort," by the Rev. L. B. RADFORD, M.A.; and "John Wycliffe," by the Rev. J. N. FIGGIS. The Letters of St. Paul to Corinth, by the Rev. DAWSON WALKER, M.A., D.D. Socialism and Christianity, by W. CUNNINGHAM, D.D., Archdeacon of Ely. The Spectroscope and its Work, by Prof. H. F. NEWALL, of Cambridge. United Worship, illustrated from the office for Morning and Evening Prayer in the Anglican Communion, by BISHOP AWDRY (late of South Tokyo). The Holy Angels, by the Rev. JOHN E. HULL, M.A. Population and Restriction, by the BISHOP OF RIPON. The Silent Power; Women's Influence in the World. School Days in Norfolk Island, by FLORENCE COOMBE; illustrated. Pem's People; a Story for Mothers' Meetings, by M. BRAMSTON; illustrated. English Wild Flowers, text by Prof. HENSLOW.

ELLIOT STOOK.

BIBLIOGRAPHY.—Book Prices Current: Second Decadal Index, 1897-1906. How to Study and Decipher Old Documents, by E. E. THOYT. BIOGRAPHY.—An Oxford Tutor: the Life of the Rev. T. Short, by C. E. H. EDWARDS. FICTION.—Agnes: a Romance of the Siege of Paris, by JULES CLARETIE. The Stronger Wings: an Historical Tale of Metternich's Time, by A. JEANS. The Love Tale of a Misanthrope, by E. M. FORBES. FOLK LORE.—Folk Lore and Folk Stories of Wales, by MARIE TREVELYAN. Indian Folk Tales, by E. M. GORDON. HISTORY.—History of Pembrokeshire, by the Rev. J. PHILLIPS. Balkania: a Short History of the Balkan States, by W. HOWARD FLANDERS. THEOLOGY.—Messages from the Epistle to the Hebrews, by the Right Rev. LORD BISHOP OF DURHAM. How to Make the Lord's Day a Delight, by the late CANON PARKER. With Christ to Geth-

semane, by HELEN THORP. Happy Thoughts of Jesus, by the Rev. J. H. SCOTT, of London. The God of the Bible, by ELLA TRUMPER. The Life Indeed, by M. A. FABER. Miracle and Infidelity, by SAMUEL KNAGGS. Light for Lesser Days, by the Rev. Canon H. F. TUCKER, of Melbourne. The Two Resurrections: What They Consist of; How They Differ in Time, in Place, and in Character, by the Rev. W. S. STANDEN.

VERSE.—Heart Breathings of Delight. Sibylline Leaves, by MUSÆUS. Thoughts in Solitude, by GRAHAM-BURR. The Waters of Argyra and Other Verse, by B. BURFORD RAWLINGS.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Tennyson and Scientific Theology, by the Rev. J. W. HAYES.

SWAN SONNENSCHNEIN & CO., LTD.

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, AND BELLES LETTRES.—Some's House; a Novel, by J. BROOKS. The Signs and Symbols of Primordial Man; Being an Explanation of the Evolution of Religious Doctrines from the Eschatology of the Ancient Egyptians, by Dr. ALBERT CHURCHWARD. Chapter Records of St. George's, Windsor, arranged by the Rev. CANON DALTON, and published under the authority of the Dean and Chapter. Studies in Roman History (Second Series), by E. G. HARDY, M.A., D.Litt., Fellow and Tutor of Jesus College, Oxford.

REPRINTS AND REISSUES.—Philosophy and Political Economy, by Dr. J. BONAR. Outlines of Psychology, by Prof. OSWALD KULPE, translated by Prof. E. B. TITCHENER.

SCIENCE.—Exercises for Heart Affections; based on the Nauheim treatment, with many illustrations, by Dr. JOHN GEORGE. A Text Book of Petrology, by FREDERICK H. HATCH, Ph.D. The Student's Text Book of Zoology, by ADAM SEDGWICK, M.A. Plant Life; a Manual of Botany for Schools, by Prof. E. WARMING.

MILITARY.—Special Campaign Series: (1) The Jena Campaign, by Col. F. N. MAUDE, R.E. (2) The Russo-Japanese Campaign up to the Battle of Liao-Yang, by Capt. F. R. SEDGWICK, R.A.

THE WALTER SCOTT PUBLISHING CO., LTD.

Hypnotism, by Dr. ALBERT MOLL; 6s. Modern Organic Chemistry by C. A. KEANE, D.Sc., Ph.D., F.I.C.; 6s. A Short History of the English Stage, by R. FARQUHARSON SHARP; 5s. net. August Manns and the Saturday Concerts, by H. SAXE WYNDHAM; 3s. 6d. Story of Musical Form, by CLARENCE LUCAS; 3s. 6d. net. Richard Wilson, R.A. (A Painter's Painter), by BEAUMONT FLETCHER; 3s. 6d. net. The Great Investment, by "Agricola"; 3s. 6d. Infant Feeding; a Book for every Mother, by A Physician; 1s. The Apology of Aristides, translated from the Greek by W. S. WALFORD, M.A.; 1s. net. John Everett Millais, P.R.A., by J. EADIE REID; 3s. 6d. net. The Life and Works of John Ruskin, by ASHMORE WINGATE; 1s. 6d. Poetry: Idylls of Light and Shade, by LAURA G. B. NOY; 1s. net. New Poems, by ARNOLD WALL; 1s. net. Our King's Title and "England" versus "Britain" by COLLIE COLVILLE, 1s. 6d.

WARD, LOCK & CO.

Prince Karl, by A. C. GUNTER; 6s. Beneath Her Station, by HAROLD BINDLOSS; 6d. His Father's Honour, by D. CHRISTIE MURRAY; 6s. A Stolen Peer, by GUY BOOTHBY; 6d. A Poached Peerage, by Sir WM. MAGNAY; 6s. Dr. Burton's Success, by A. C. GUNTER; 6d. The Duke in the Suburbs, by EDGAR WALLACE; 6s. Little Esson, by S. R. CROCKETT; 6d. Sir Morecambe's Marriage, by FLORENCE WARDEN; 6s. Purple and Homespun, by AUSTIN FRYERS; 6s. If Sinners Entice Thee, by WILLIAM LE QUEUX; 6d. Money, by MARIE C. LEIGHTON; 6s. When I Was Czar, by A. W. MARCHMONT; 6d. The Socialist, by GUY THORNE; 6s. Not Proven, by A. and C. ASKEW; 6d. Sarah Tuldons's Lovers, by ORME AGNUS; 6s. The Mother, by EDEN PHILLIPPS; 1s. A Traitor's Wooing, by HEADON HILL; 6s. Tinman, by TOM GALLON; 6d. In the Dead of Night, by J. T. MCINTYRE; 6s. A Millionaire's Son, by FLORENCE WARDEN; 6d. The Necklace of Parmona, by L. T. MEADE; 6s. Craven Fortune, by FRED M. WHITE; 6d. An Awakened Memory, by FRANCES HOME; 6s. The Backwoodsman, by C. G. D. ROBERTS; 6s. Pride of the Paddock, by HAWLEY SMART; 6d. Jeanne of the Marshes, by E. P. OPPENHEIM; 6s. The Shadow of a Vendetta, by A. C. GUNTER; 6d.

FREDERICK WARNE & CO.

The Flags of the World; Their History, Bazonry, and Associations, by F. E. HULME, F.L.S.; £2 2s. Sport With Gun and Rod; In American Woods and Waters, edited by ALFRED M. MAYER; £1 1s. net. The National Gallery, by GUSTAVE GEFFROY; £1 5s. net. Shakespeare; the Lansdowne Pocket Edition; six charming little volumes; the set, 15s. The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, by EDWARD GIBBON; in three volumes, with Steel Portrait; the set, 15s. Half-Hours With the Best Authors, edited by CHARLES KNIGHT; in four volumes; the set, £1. The Young Man and the World, by ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE; 6s. net. The Real Triumph of Japan: The Conquest of the Silent Fox, by LOUIS L. SEAMAN, M.D., LL.D.; 6s. net. Picturesque England; Its Landmarks and Historic Haunts as Described in Lay and Legend, Song and Story, compiled and edited by L. VALENTINE.

Typewriting

TYPEWRITING of all kinds done promptly and intelligently; Theatrical work a speciality; Fiction, 10d. per 1,000 words.—Price list and specimens from Miss ROUTH, 43 Harwood Road, Walham Green, S.W.

TYPEWRITING promptly and accurately done. 10d. per 1,000 words. Specimens and references.—Address Miss MESSEY, The Orchard, Cotterill Road, Surbiton, S.W.

HENRY SOTHERAN & CO.,

BOOKSELLERS.

NEW, SECOND-HAND, AND BOUND.

BOOKS SOUGHT FOR, however unimportant.

LIBRARIES BOUGHT OR VALUED.

140 Strand, W.C. (Tel. 1515 Central).

37 Piccadilly, W. (Tel. 3601 Mayfair).

Telegraphic Address—Bookmen, London.

Books for Sale

RECOGNITION AND LIFE IN THE BEYOND. By MAY KERCHEVER-ARNOLD. "'Tis a soothing and helpful little book."—*A Corresp.* Limp cloth, 1s. net; post free, 1s. 1d.—A. TALBOT & Co., 13 Paternoster Row, London, E.C.

HOLBEIN (HANS)—PORTRAITS OF PERSONS OF THE COURT OF HENRY VIII. Tinted Plates by Bartolozzi, &c. Royal 4to, half-morocco; 1828; £4 10s. Send for new Catalogue of Second-hand Books just ready.—WALKER, 37 Briggate, Leeds.

BOOKS.—ALL OUT-OF-PRINT and RARE BOOKS on any subject SUPPLIED. The most expert Bookfinder extant. Please state wants and ask for CATALOGUE. I make a special feature of exchanging any Saleable Books for others selected from my various Lists. Special List of 2,000 Books I particularly want post free.—EDW. BAKER'S Great Bookshop, 14-16 John Bright St., Birmingham. Harmsworth Encyclopedia, 10 Vols., 56s. net, for 32s. Bartholomew's Survey Gazetteer British Isles, 17s. 6d. net, for 5s. 6d. Rhead's Staffordshire Pots and Pottery, 21s., for 10s. 6d.

SHERBORNE SCHOOL.

An Examination for Entrance Scholarships, open to Boys under 15 on June 1st, will be held in the first week of June. Further information can be obtained from the Reverend the Headmaster, School House, Sherborne, Dorset.

BERNARD SHAW

Passion, Poison and Petrification.

A Tragedy in One Act. Original Edition.

Post free, 1s. 3d.

HENRY IRVING

By HALDANE MACFALL. Illustrated by GORDON CRAIG. Post free, 1s. 3d.

C. CANNON (D. J. RIDER, Successor), 36 St. Martin's Court, St. Martin's Lane, W.C.
BOOKS BOUGHT. BEST PRICES GIVEN.

E. T. BOTTOM & CO.,
BOOKSELLERS, &c.

32 CHANCERY LANE, W.C.

NEW BOOKS, MAGAZINES, AND WEEKLY PERIODICALS.

AGENTS FOR OLD POST OFFICE DIRECTORIES.

PUBLISHERS' MEDIA**THE SPHERE.**

6d. Weekly.

Literary Letter by C. K. S. appears each week. Also List of Books Received.

SPECIAL ADVERTISEMENT RATES FOR PUBLISHERS' ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Office: Great New Street, E.C.

**"O to be in England
Now that April's here!"**

YES, because the April "BOOK MONTHLY," 6d. net, is also here, and if you belong to any of the three following classes of people, it is indispensable to you:—

- I. Booksellers, Librarians, Publishers, and everybody engaged in the work of the Book world;
- II. Reviewers, Literary Gossipers, and everybody who plays a part in the recording of Current Literature;
- III. Real Book-buyers and serious Readers, meaning all who follow the news of new books with a practical interest.

If you belong to one of those classes and don't take in the "Book Monthly" you are missing something, as indeed you will, yourself, see if you get a copy of the April number from your bookseller, your news-agent, or from the publishers, Simpkin, Marshall & Co., Stationers' Hall Court, London.

**ABBOT FRANCIS GASQUET
and "PUBLIC OPINION"**

The Abbot Francis Gasquet, the eminent Roman Catholic scholar and historian, Abbot-President of the English Benedictines, who is now engaged at Rome on the most interesting task of revising the Vulgate, sends the following letter to the Editor of PUBLIC OPINION, dated Feb. 15, 1909, from Collegio Sant' Anselmo, Monte Aventino, Rome:—

Sir,—I see that many are expressing their opinions about your paper, and as I have for a long time now got so much pleasure and profit from it, I feel constrained to add my testimony to that of others. Obligated to be away from England for many months each year on business, and with little time to spend on the reading of papers, I have found PUBLIC OPINION exactly what I needed to keep in touch with passing events, and I look forward to the coming of the post which brings it to me.

I am,

Yours sincerely,

sgd. (Abbot) FRANCIS H. GASQUET.

Public Opinion

A Weekly Review of Current Thought & Activity

EVERY FRIDAY. TWOPENCE.

Edited by Percy L. Parker.

The purpose of "Public Opinion" is to provide information by means of a weekly review of current thought and activity as they are expressed in the world's newspapers, magazines, and books, and to put on record the ideas and activities which make for religious, political and social progress.

"Public Opinion" can be obtained from any newsagent or book-stall, or will be sent post free for one year to any address in the United Kingdom for 10s. 10d.; and to any place abroad for 13s. per annum. Orders should be addressed to "Public Opinion," 31 & 32 Temple House, Tallis St., London E.C.

Specimens free on application.

GOOD EASTER GIFT-BOOKS**GREAT SOULS
AT PRAYER**

"A beautiful compilation of prayers" from St. Augustine to R. L. Stevenson. By M. W. TILSTON. India Paper. 22nd Thousand. 2s. 6d. net; by post, 2s. 9d.

**DAILY MESSAGE
FROM MANY MINDS**

"A particularly well-chosen day-book" from Fenelon, Phillips Brooks, etc., etc. 2s. 6d. net; by post, 2s. 9d.

**LARGE TYPE. "Attractive Little Reprints of Great Utterances." PRETTY GIFTS.
HEART AND LIFE BOOKLETS**

Two-Coloured Printed Wrappers, 6d. net. Handsome Cloth, 1s. net; Choice Leather, 2s. net. Postage One Penny each.

**SELECTIONS FROM
FABER'S HYMNS**

Twelve Hymns. Each complete.

**THE LONELINESS
OF CHRIST**

By F. W. ROBERTSON.

EASTER DAY

By ROBERT BROWNING.

LIFE WITH GOD

By Bishop PHILLIPS BROOKS.

SPIRITUAL MAXIMS

Brother LAWRENCE.

METHOD OF PRAYER

By Madame GUYON.

**PRACTICE OF THE
PRESENCE OF GOD**

Brother LAWRENCE.

**DREAM OF
GERONTIUS**

By Cardinal NEWMAN.

**A METHOD OF
PRAYER**

By Madame GUYON.

THE UPWARD WAY

Readings for 31 days from SAMUEL RUTHERFORD.

THE MYSTERY OF PAIN

By JAMES HINTON.

AN EASTER SERMON

By Bishop PHILLIPS BROOKS.

FOUR CHOICE USEFUL GIFT-BOOKS**PRAYER, PROMISE
AND PRECEPT**

Art Paper, 1s. net; Cloth, 1s. net; Leather, 2s. net. Postage One Penny.

**THOUGHTS WORTH
THINKING**

2nd Edition

Art Paper, 1s. net; Cloth, 1s. et; Leather, 2s. net. Postage One Penny.

**THOUGHTS ON
MOTHERHOOD**

Compiled by Lady COOTE.
Cloth, 1s. net; by post, 1s. 2d.

**THOUGHTS ON
PRAYER**

By BISHOP OF RIPON.
Cloth, 1s. net; by post, 1s. 2d.

COMPLETE CATALOGUE POST FREE.

London: H. R. ALLENSON, Ltd., Racquet Court, Fleet Street, E.C.

From Everett & Co.'s List**NEW FICTION.****MRS. WHISTON'S
HOUSE PARTY**

By THOMAS COBB.

"Mr. Cobb has a delightful touch for the unfolding of a bright social comedy." *Notts Daily Guardian.*

**THE DISAPPEARANCE OF
LADY DIANA**

By ROBERT MACHRAY

"A thrilling story of the detective type and one likely to be popular." *Daily Telegraph.*

THE DEVIL'S ACE

By FERGUS HUME.

"A 'mystery' novel of the first water."—*Western Mail.*

THE IRON HEEL

By JACK LONDON.

"'The Iron Heel' is a book for all to read, and its insight, large sympathy, clear reasoning, and high aims are in evidence in every chapter." *Pall Mall Gazette.*

THE DEGENERATE

By FRED WHISHAW.

"Another of Mr. Whishaw's clever Russian novels."—*Times.*

"Mr. Whishaw's alert, up-to-date style gives a realistic air to his story." *Globe.*

London: EVERETT & Co., 42 Essex Street, W.C.

**ASK FOR NASH'S—THE GREAT NEW
STORY MAGAZINE**

No. 1 (APRIL) NOW READY

NASH'S MAGAZINE

6^{d.} NET

STORIES BY RUDYARD KIPLING, ANTHONY HOPE, RIDER HAGGARD, WILLIAM LE QUEUX, H. A. VACHELL, RITA, MAX PEMBERTON, J. J. BELL, MRS. C. N. WILLIAMSON, BARRY PAIN, &c.

Never in the history of publishing has a magazine with such a splendid list of contributors been placed straight away on the market. It has taken years for the majority of the leading magazines to reach anywhere near where Nash's Magazine begins. Nash's Magazine is a gigantic undertaking: the paper used for No. 1 would, if unrolled, stretch from London to Edinburgh—a distance of over 400 miles. Its policy will be to give to the public each month a magazine containing stories by the world's most famous novelists.

**OBTAINABLE IN EVERY TOWN AND VILLAGE IN THE KINGDOM—
AND ALL OVER THE WORLD.**

STANLEY PAUL'S

New Six-Shilling Novels

THE TRICKSTER	G. B. BURGIN
THE CITY OF THE GOLDEN GATE	E. EVERETT-GREEN
DID SHE DO RIGHT?	A. J. MACDONNELL
AN ADVENTURE IN EXILE	RICHARD DUFFY
THE DREAM AND THE WOMAN	TOM GALLON
THE BROKEN SNARE	LUDWIG LEWISOHN
BANZAI!	"PARABELLUM"
THE LEVELLER	ALEXANDER MCARTHUR
STOLEN HONEY	ADA AND DUDLEY JAMES
THE FLAME DANCER	F. A. MATHEWS
IN CALVERT'S VALLEY	M. PRESCOTT-MONTAGUE
THE GAY PARADISES	MRS. STEPHEN BATSON
THE BOTTOM OF THE WELL	FREDERIC UPHAM ADAMS
THE SECRET TERROR	"BRENDA"
THE GHOST PIRATES	WILLIAM HOPE HODGSON
CO-HEIRESSSES	E. EVERETT-GREEN
SHOES OF GOLD	HAMILTON DRUMMOND
HEARTBREAK HILL	HERMAN K. VIELÉ
THE ADVENTURES OF A PRETTY WOMAN	FLORENCE WARDEN

BALLADS OF BRAVE WOMEN

Records of the Heroic in Thought, Action and Endurance.

Edited by ALFRED H. MILES (Editor of the 'Famous A1 Series,' &c.)

A Collection of suitable Pieces for Recitation by Women at Women's Meetings and at gatherings and entertainments of a more general character.

It aims to celebrate the bravery of women in loyalty, patriotism, devotion, love, labour and endurance as shown in the pages of history, on the field of war, in the battle of life, in the cause of freedom, in the service of humanity, and in the face of death.

Crown 8vo, Red Limp, 1/- net; Cloth gilt, 1/6 net; and in various Leather bindings.

STANLEY PAUL & CO., Clifford's Inn, Temple Bar, E.C.

DELICIOUS **COFFEE.**

RED WHITE & BLUE

For Breakfast & after Dinner.

In making, use less quantity, it being so much stronger than
ordinary COFFEE.

HAVE YOU SEEN "AN ENGLISHMAN'S HOME"?

If so, you must read

JAMES BLYTH'S POWERFUL INVASION NOVEL, THE SWOOP OF THE VULTURE

"Mr. Blyth is in deadly earnest in his latest book. His story is a fine one, which must stir the blood of the most lethargic."—LIVERPOOL POST.
(Second Edition in the Press.)

THE SUNBURNT SOUTH

By FRANCIS CAREY SLATER, 3/6

Author of "Footsteps thro' the Veldt."

"Only those who know the veld can fully appreciate the magic of these exquisitely-written stories."—GLASGOW HERALD.

London: DIGBY, LONG & CO., 18 Bouverie Street, E.C.

FORTHCOMING NEW BOOKS

SONNETS. By LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS

Author of "The City of the Soul." The Sonnets in this volume have not previously been published in book form. They include Lord Alfred Douglas's recent work in "The Academy." Fcap. 8vo, 2s. 6d. net. [Ready April 26th.]

POEMS. By LADY ALFRED DOUGLAS (Olive Custance)

Author of "Opal," etc. Fcap. 8vo, 5s. net.

THE GOLDEN TOURNEY. By WILLIAM CHANTREY

With ten steel engravings, specially produced for this work. Edition limited to 250 copies, price 3s. 3s. net.

THE CITY OF THE SOUL

By LORD ALFRED DOUGLAS

A new edition. Fcap. 8vo, 5s. net.

THE CATHOLIC ANTHOLOGY

Being a Collection of Lyrics by Members of the Roman Catholic Community. Selected by T. W. H. CROSLAND. Fcap. 8vo, pp. 250, 7s. 6d. net. A specially Fine Edition of this book will be printed on vellum, and limited to 20 copies, price 2s. 2s. net.

"THE ACADEMY" PUBLISHING COMPANY, 63 LINCOLN'S INN FIELDS, LONDON, W.C.

Numerous complaints having reached this Office
as to difficulty in obtaining THE ACADEMY, we publish below a first list of the names and addresses of Newsagents and Booksellers at whose establishments THE ACADEMY is always on sale. Further lists will be published from time to time.

Messrs. Sammels and Taylor, 7 New Broad Street, E.C.	Mr. W. Morflew, 19 Edgware Road, W.	Messrs. F. Calder Turner, 1 Bathurst Street, Hyde Park Gardens, W., Also 8 Craven Road, Paddington, W.
Messrs. Davies and Co., 23 Finch Lane, Cornhill, E.C.	Messrs. Scripp's Library, 13 South Molton Street, W.	Mr. M. E. Wilson, 8 Clarendon Road, Holland Park, W.
Mr. E. Born, 80 Copthall Avenue, E.C.	Mr. H. Offord, 15 Avery Row, Brook Street, W.	Murley Brothers, 112 Holland Park Avenue, W.
Mr. James Barker, 2 Castle Court, Birch Lane, E.C.	The Manager, Foreign Bookstall, Café Royal, 68 Regent Street, W.	Mrs. E. Jarvis, 186 Holland Park Avenue, W.
Messrs. Leathwait and Simmons, 5 Birch Lane, E.C.	Messrs. Bolton's Library, 81 Knightsbridge, W.	Mr. M. Pittman, 41 Notting Hill Gate, W.
Mr. George Blair, 16 Royal Exchange, E.C.	Mr. E. George, 13 Swallow Street, Regent Street, W.	C. H. Cooke, 11 Queen's Road, Bayswater, W.
Messrs. Pottle and Sons, 14 and 15 Royal Exchange, E.C.	Messrs. Knowles and Co., Crown Court, Pall Mall, W.	Mr. S. C. Carter, 1 Porchester Gardens, Queen's Road, Bayswater, W.
Mr. T. Jenner, 40A King William Street, London Bridge, E.C.	Messrs. Jones, Yarrell and Poulter, 8 Bury Street, St. James Street, W.	Messrs. Stanesby and Co., 179 Sloane Street Belgravia, S.W.
Messrs. Wm. Dawson and Sons, Ltd., 121 Cannon Street, E.C.	Messrs. May and Williams, 160 Piccadilly, London, W.	Messrs. M. Hildreth and Co., 10 and 12 Fulham Road, S.W.
Messrs. E. T. Bottom and Co., 51A Queen Victoria Street, E.C. 97 Queen Street, E.C., and Also at 165A Queen Victoria Street, E.C. 32 Chancery Lane, E.C.	Messrs. Bingham and Co., 97 Mount Street, Grosvenor Square, W.	Mr. Henry Roberts, 2 Lower Grosvenor Place, S.W.
Mr. George Blair, 11 King Street, Cheapside, E.C.	Mr. F. Batson, 82 Grosvenor Street, W.	Messrs. Scotter and Law, Belgrave Mansions, Grosvenor Gardens, S.W.
St. Bride's Publishing Co., 96 Fleet Street, E.C.	The News Stores, (next) Hyde Park Hotel, Albert Gate, W.	Mr. J. Shrubbs, 165 Ebury Street, Pimlico, S.W.
Messrs. Jones, Yarrell and Co., 37 Essex Street, Strand, W.C.	Messrs. T. Rastall and Son, 81 Ebury Street, London, W.	Messrs. W. H. Smith, Bookshop, Sloane Square, S.W.
Mr. Harrison, Devereux Court, Temple, W.C.	Mr. T. Wyatt, 198 Ebury Street, Pimlico, W.	Messrs. Wright and Son, 43 King's Road, Sloane Square, S.W.
Messrs. Parnell and Co., 63 Southampton Row, Bloomsbury Square, W.C.	Mr. W. Weaver, 157 Great Portland Street, W.	Messrs. Jesson Bros., 129 King's Road, Chelsea, S.W.
Messrs. W. H. Smith's Bookstall, Hotel Russell, Russell Square, W.C.	Messrs. Toler Bros., Ltd., 10 Coptic Street, Bloomsbury.	Mr. A. F. Vedy, 265 and 420 King's Road, Chelsea, S.W.
Mr. C. G. Norton, 38 Marchmont Street, Russell Square, W.C.	Mr. William Green, 138 Great Portland Street, W.	Mr. George R. Riches, 510 King's Road, Chelsea, S.W.
Mr. R. C. Willis, 1 Green Street, Leicester Square, W.C.	Mr. Noble, 28 Upper Marylebone Street, W.	Mr. R. Snare, 21 Lower Richmond Road, Putney, S.W.
Mr. J. Browne, 5 New Street, Covent Garden, W.C.	Messrs. Keith, Prowse and Co., Bookstall, Langham Hotel, W.	Messrs. Blake and Co., 62 Putney High Street, S.W.
Mr. H. Hunt, 12 Bury Street, Bloomsbury, W. C.	Mr. I. Carpenter, 17 Lancaster Street, Lancaster Gate, W.	The Idler's Own Newsagency, 169 Upper Richmond Road, Putney, S.W.
Mr. W. G. Palmer, 5 West Kensington Terrace, W.	Mr. M. A. Ridge, 43 Craven Road, Hyde Park, W.	Mr. R. Andrews, 120 Upper Richmond Road, East Putney, S.W.
Messrs. Yates' Library, 79 Wigmore Street, W.	Messrs. W. H. Smith's Bookshop, 19 Craven Road, Paddington, W.	Mr. Wm. John Arnold, Approach Book Stores, London Bridge, S.E.
Mr. H. Perkins, 3 Seymour Place, Portman Square, W.	Messrs. Crockett and Co., 22 Leinster Terrace, W.	

Persons who experience any difficulty in obtaining THE ACADEMY are requested kindly to communicate with

*The Manager of THE ACADEMY,
63 Lincoln's Inn Fields, London, W.C.*

TURKEY IN REVOLUTION

By CHARLES RODEN BUXTON. With a Map and 33 Illustrations, 7/6 net.

This is the first book which has been published on the bloodless but far-reaching Revolution in Turkey, an event worthy of a place beside the great liberating movements of Greece and Italy, and destined to change profoundly the issues of the Near Eastern question. It contains information which can only be learnt from the lips of the actual authors of the movement. These Mr. Buxton has had a unique opportunity of knowing personally, having accompanied his brother, Mr. Noel Buxton, the chairman of the Balkan Committee, in the recent deputation to Constantinople. He describes the leading Young Turks, the Sultan, the Grand Vizier, the Sheikh-ul-Islam, and the growth, success, prospects and dangers of the new movement.

T. FISHER UNWIN

"SHOULD BE WIDELY READ AND CAREFULLY PONDERED."

ARMY REFORM, and other Addresses

By the Rt. Hon. R. B. HALDANE, M.P. Cheap Edition. Cloth, 2/6 net.

The *Daily News* says:—"Each of these speeches is a masterpiece of exposition, wherein an intricate mass of facts is unfolded with exquisite skill and clearness. The broad facts are stated; one example in detail is cited; the broad principle is enunciated, and rings out as an inevitable logical conclusion."

T. FISHER UNWIN

IN MY LADY'S GARDEN

By Mrs. RICHMOND (late Garden Editor of "The Queen"). With 2 Coloured Illustrations and 48 other Plates. 12/6 net.

This book is divided into chapters for each week in the year, in which clear practical advice is given on the care of the garden, the laying out of the grounds, the lawn, the conservatory, the wild garden and the water garden; the cultivation of the new hardy waterlilies in many rich tints being thus brought within the reach of all. Nature Notes on the birds of the garden, their uses, wants, and ways, are added, with many interesting notes on matters connected with the garden.

T. FISHER UNWIN

"WILL DELIGHT ALL NATURE LOVERS."

THAT ROCK GARDEN OF OURS

By Professor F. E. HULME, F.L.S., F.S.A. With 8 Coloured Plates and 42 other Illustrations. 10/6 net.

Professor Hulme is a genial "guide, philosopher and friend," and the reader wanders with him amongst the plants, picking an anemone here, a ragged robin there, in delightful enjoyment. The book is full of charm in its chatty and reminiscent style, and the large number of illustrations with which it is embellished increase its usefulness and add very considerably to its interest and value.

T. FISHER UNWIN

NOTABLE 6s. NOVELS

THE CANON'S DILEMMA. By Victor L. Whitechurch,
Author of "The Canon in Residence," Etc.

THE KEY OF LIFE. By A. A. Methley.

TRANSPLANTED DAUGHTERS. By Mrs. Burton Harrison.

HIGH LIFE IN THE FAR EAST. By James Dalziel.

THE WAYS OF MEN. By Herbert Flowerdew.

THE CAPTURE OF PAUL BECK. By M. McDonnell
Bodkin, K.C.

T. FISHER UNWIN

HOW TO GET MARRIED.

Married." Paper Covers, 1s. net.

By the Author of "How to be Happy though
[Write for a Complete Catalogue.

T. FISHER UNWIN, 1 Adelphi Terrace, London.